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By THEODORE MAYNARD

OCTOBER 1941

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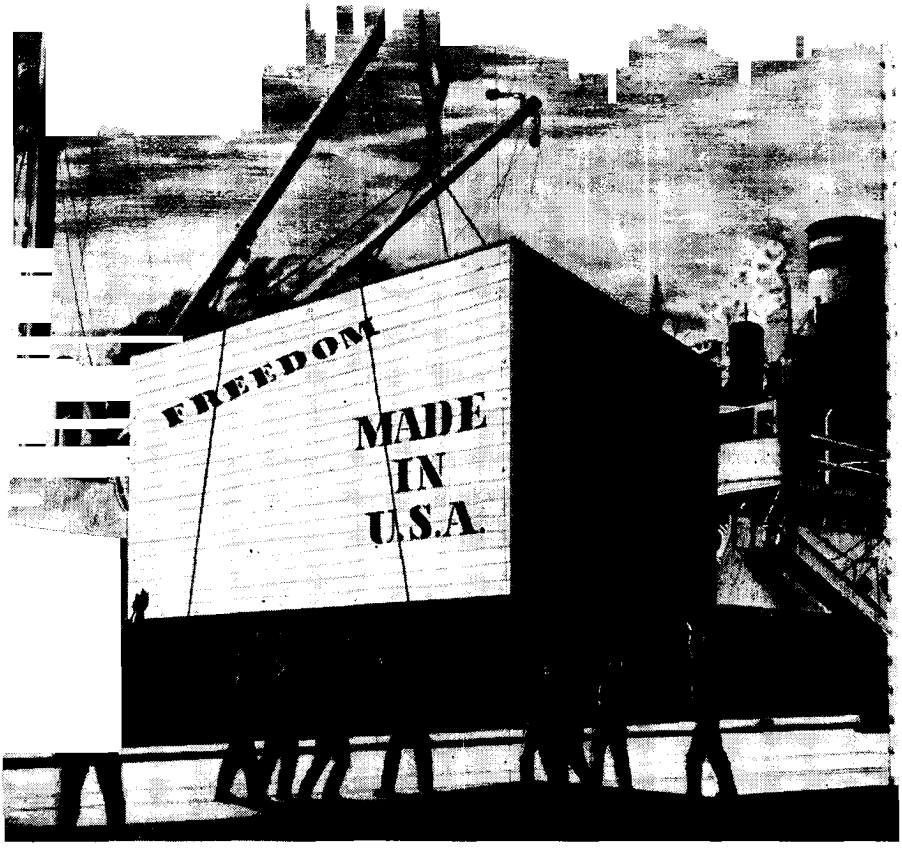

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VOLUME LIII

NUMBER 214

TABLE OF CONTENTS

October, 1941

Catholics and the Nazis ..... Theodore Maynard 391
America Repeats Europe's Aviation Mistakes ..... Major A. P. de Seversky 401
Political Cartoons ..... Arthur Szyk 411
Occupied Europe Fights Back ..... Barnet Nover 415
THE THEATRE:
Ivory Towers To Let ..... George Jean Nathan 425
A U-Boat Commander Speaks ..... Captain L. E. Jaeckel 431
Adultery and Murder in Texas ..... William Seagle 437
State of the Union:
The Limits of Free Speech ..... Max Eastman 444
Sinclair Lewis ..... Benjamin Stolberg 450
Colleges Gear for Defense ..... Benjamin Fine 461
The Anatomy of Loneliness ..... Thomas Wolfe 467
Say a First Goodbye, *A Story* ..... George Willis 476
About the Aliens in Our Midst ..... Raymond Moley and Celeste Jedel 481
Is There New Hope for Epileptics? ..... W. W. Bauer, M.D. 487
AMERICANA 493
DOWN TO EARTH:
Instinct and the Dauber Wasp ..... Alan Devoe 495
POETRY:
I. The Poem ..... Yetza Gillespie 475
II. Bond ..... Geraldine Ross 486
THE LIBRARY:
Sane Books in an Insane World ..... Mary M. Colum 499
CHECK LIST 504
OPEN FORUM 506
CONTRIBUTORS 508
RECORDED MUSIC 510

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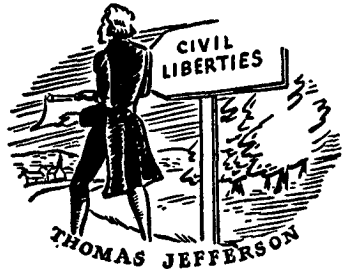

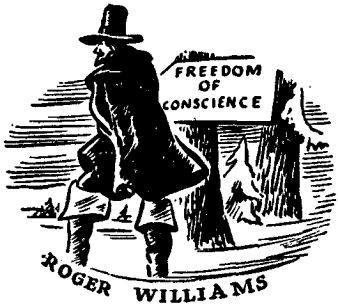

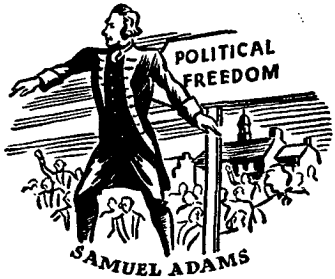

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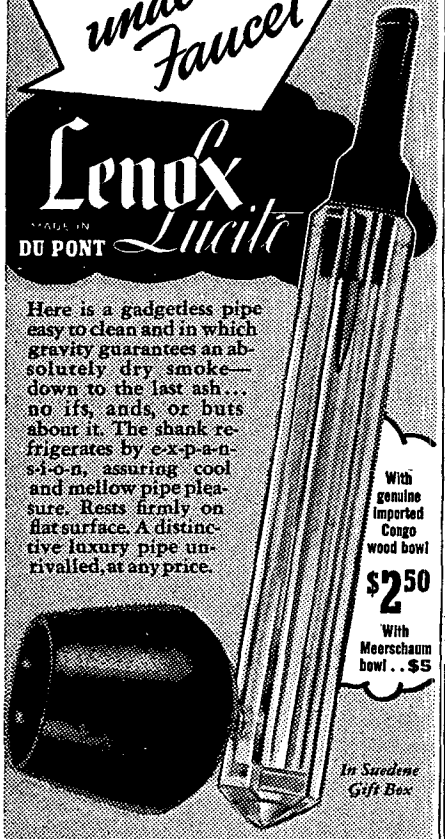

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The American
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CATHOLICS AND THE NAZIS

By Theodore Maynard

I write as an American Catholic. This does not mean that I have any commission to speak for those of my faith; they are divided on the political issues of this war. My purpose is to indicate some of the factors which may account for that division. There I may be challenged and there I may be wrong, but at the same time, I challenge anyone to prove me wrong in my statement of principles.

The impression prevails in certain circles in this country that the Catholic Church sympathizes with fascism. Such an impression is no doubt partly due to the circumstance that Rome is the center of both Italian Fascism and Catholicism. The impression may have been confirmed in the support given by many (though by no means all) Catholics here and abroad to Franco in the Spanish War. It is further confirmed for some minds

Professor Theodore Maynard is one of the most erudite Catholic writers on Catholic themes. His twenty published books include *The Divine Adventure*, *The Book of Modern Catholic Prose*, *Man and Beast*, *The Odyssey of Francis Xavier*, etc. His latest work, *Story of American Catholicism*, will be published this Fall.

Professor Maynard therefore writes on the controversial subject of Catholics and the Nazi menace with an authority that recommends it to all Americans. We present it as a forceful contribution to an important discussion without necessarily implying that it exhausts the subject, or that it resolves all questions arising from the activities of the noisily pro-Nazi minority among Catholics and men like Father Coughlin. — The Editors.

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by the tinge of anti-Semitism found in Father Coughlin's utterances.

Nevertheless, these impressions are erroneous. While there are Catholics who, like other people, appear eccentric or stupid or inconsistent or illogical, and though they may be (again like other people) swayed unduly by personal or political or nationalistic passions, they do not represent the mind of the Church. Fascist Catholics are far more often to be found in Europe than in America. Hitler has his little group of Catholic stooges. But the Belgian Rexists are refused the sacraments when they appear in uniform and similar ecclesiastical action is taken in Holland. In any case, they are only a handful. The European Catholic view was expressed by Monsignor Jan Sramek, a Czech refugee, in the London *Tablet:*

> We are fighting for the very existence of Christianity. It is the duty of every Catholic in the whole world, whatever nation he belongs to, to realize that nowadays there is no such thing as neutrality. All Catholics must participate in the fight for the preservation of Christian morals. The chief task of Christianity, to be undertaken once the battle is won, is the building up of a lasting peace based on Christian principles and the real ideology of European civilization, national freedom and economic justice.

Hitler recognizes clearly, as does the Church, that Catholicism and totalitarianism are absolutely irreconcilable. American Catholics, with very few exceptions, also recognize this fact. The only real disagreement among them is over what measures may be politically expedient and strategically advisable. Though this disagreement is profound and often bitter, there is, as there must always be, unanimity in opposition to Nazism.

The antagonism between communism and Catholicism is too well known to need further discussion here. It might, however, be pointed out that the Church never issues a "blanket" condemnation; only specific propositions are dealt with. Consequently, the Church must condemn the avowed Godlessness and materialism of Bolshevism, but it must equally reprobate the unavowed Godlessness and materialism so often prevalent among the defenders of capitalism and it is far from completely identifying the rights of property with our present economic system. Even under present conditions, the Holy See has several times attempted to arrange a concordat, a *modus vivendi*, with the Kremlin, as it has made concordats with Hitler and Mussolini and Franco. For the Church is always ready to make what terms it can with any government. It is not committed to this or that par-

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ticular political mode, though modern democracy (which is derived from scholastic philosophy) appears to be the system most consonant with its own constitution and the one under which it enjoys most freedom of action.

The mode of operating under concordats therefore does not imply any approval of the political system with which the concordat is made. It is merely the best — sometimes the only — method possible in certain circumstances. This is true of Italy, Germany and the recent arrangement with Spain. But the Church has no illusions — it knows that the concordat will be observed only insofar as it suits the convenience of the state. It also knows that a concordat is better than nothing; at least for a time it may result in peace and a measure of ecclesiastical freedom. In no sense is it an alliance with the state or an imprimatur upon its ideology.

The policy of the Church is decided by one man, the Pope, though of course he works in consultation with his advisers. No infallibility attaches to his political decisions, which may be reversed by his successors. Yet, as a matter of practical necessity, his policy has to be accepted by loyal Catholics. Still more — and in this case as a matter of absolute necessity — the principles he lays down have to be accepted. With regard to Nazism and fascism (as well as Bolshevism), the reigning Pope and his predecessor have spoken in unequivocal language. They have made working arrangements with totalitarian governments for the safeguarding of Catholic interests. At the same time, they have made it plain that it is impossible to reconcile totalitarianism with Catholicism.

Pius XII took his stand on the matter little more than a month after the war. In the only encyclical he has yet issued, titled "The Function of the State in the Modern World," he decried the kind of civil authority which "puts itself in the place of the Almighty and elevates the State or group into the last end of life, the supreme criterion of the moral and juridical order, and therefore forbids every appeal to the principles of natural reason and of the Christian conscience." He went on to declare that the success of such systems could be only material and transitory, and he added: "To consider the State as something ultimate to which everything else should be subordinated and directed, cannot fail to harm the true and lasting prosperity of nations."

Mussolini has been willing to suffer the Church in order not to in-

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crease his difficulties, as Franco is now trying to use it for his own ends. But Hitler, like Stalin, looks upon it as the enemy to be destroyed. If Hitler has been a shade less murderous than Stalin, his methods are likely in the long run to be more successful because the Nazi program calls for the eradication of Christianity by a process of education which is intended to change the shape of man's mind. If Hitler triumphs, Christianity will virtually disappear in Europe by degrees.

Hitler would, of course, welcome the cooperation of the Church, on his own terms. That is, he would be very glad to have the Catholic organization — for which, as an organization, he has often expressed the highest regard — put at his disposal. He has succeeded in deluding a small minority but even in Germany the Catholic body as a whole has stood out against him. A year ago, he produced what purported to be a pronouncement of the German hierarchy in his favor. Possibly his doctoring of documents succeeded in hoodwinking some people, though it was conclusively shown, both by the Roman authorities and by the secular news agencies, that Dr. Goebbels' manipulation of this matter amounted to forgery.

The true attitude of the German hierarchy was expressed this spring by Archbishop Groeber of Friburg, in a pastoral printed in the *Osservatore Romano*, in which he described the present situation in the Reich as going "beyond the religious ruin of the Sixteenth Century." As a good German, he protested: "Not only is our faith belittled as a thing of the past but we are rebuked as being anti-German. . . . It is now absolutely certain that the future of the people is being built on an anti-Christian foundation."

The facts are that, despite the concordat, everything possible is done to make the practice of Catholicism as difficult as possible. Mass is permitted at hours allowed by the Gestapo, when its attendance is inconvenient for all and out of the question for many. Sermons are censored. But worst of all, the religious orders suffer wholesale suppression, the monasteries and convents are often taken over for the use of the secret police and Catholic schools and youth organizations are *verboten*. Instead, the young are indoctrinated from childhood in the pagan German myth. Already, perhaps, the greater part of young men and women are lost to the Church because of this propaganda. It might almost be said that the only ones able to re-

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sist it are those of mature mind and the little children still too small to be clutched by the Nazi machine, who are sometimes taught in secret by their parents.

What has happened in Poland seems to have surpassed the imagination for horror. We do not need to go to British propaganda for this; it was Cardinal Hlond who gave out the facts about wholesale massacre, and of clerics in concentration camps being obliged to clean the latrines, and of bishops forced to sweep the streets in front of their own cathedrals. But nobody is allowed into Poland to see what is going on. Even the Papal Nuncio has been excluded.

II

Hitler and his Italian *Gauleiter* have given the world a rosy picture. It was announced that the Holy See had recognized the new Croatian government, though nothing of the kind happened. The new puppet king was received before and not after his appointment and the murderous Dr. Pavelich was given an audience, which could not be refused, as a private person instead of premier. The so-called "Apostolic Delegate" has no diplomatic status. He is an "Apostolic Visitor," with functions limited to that of an observer for the Holy See. Difficult as the Pope's position has been in Rome, he has been careful to guard against even the appearance of recognizing the conquests of Hitler. The Nazis find it inadvisable to direct their rage openly against the Pope, so they turn it without restraint against the local ecclesiastical authorities.

We come around again to the Nazi concept of peace with the Church — or, for that matter, of peace with any nation. It is the peace in which the lion lies down with the lamb, with the lamb inside the lion. Even while trying to extract a momentary advantage by minor concessions to such little fascist groups so foolish as to trust him, Hitler has no illusions at all as to the irreconcilable nature of Catholicism and his own ideas. The moment these groups have served their purpose — in which so far they have been of very slight and constantly diminishing use — the Nazis intend to absorb them into an absolute uniformity with their own system. It cannot be otherwise. While the Church exists, the triumph of totalitarianism remains incomplete. More surely than any other of National Socialism's intended victims, Catholicism can never be National Socialism's agent.

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It might even be argued that Hitlerism is a more dangerous enemy to the Church than Stalinism. Only by an historical accident, or series of accidents, is irreligion tied to Bolshevism and it may conceivably be discarded in time. On the other hand, National Socialism is inextricably rooted in the myth of the sacred German blood, which has created a new religion that is perhaps all the more powerful because it is so preposterous. No kind of ascent is possible under the Nazi system. You are either an "Aryan" or you are not, and all the "lesser breeds without the law" are disdained in varying degrees. Hitler starts with a comprehensive denial of human equality. As there is only an Aryan God, who is no more than a concept of composite Germanity, there can be no universal fatherhood of God any more than there can be any brotherhood of man. To say that God does not exist, as the Bolshevists do, is bad enough but it is a proposition that can be met by argument, whereas the Nazi doctrine, being irrational and "mystical," cannot be met at all except by a rejection as resolute as its own affirmation.

But the Catholic Church must not necessarily reject a dictatorship considered in its strictly political aspect. Dollfuss attempted a mild Catholic dictatorship in Austria; Salazar is now attempting one in Portugal. Kept within due bounds, a dictatorship of this kind is not oppressive either to society or the Church. But we know from experience how easily it may be transformed into an instrument for oppression. We know that it is, of its very nature, likely to become aggressive. If Hitler had confined himself to Germany with his purges and persecution and the horrors of the Gestapo, we, as Americans, would have no right to interfere, however much we loathed his proceedings. Even then, however, the Church would have had to speak and it did speak while Nazism was so confined. As things stand, civil liberties and religion everywhere are threatened and we have reached the point where we must be prepared to die if we wish to live. It is a situation with which the Church has often been familiar in the course of its history; for America, it is without precedent or parallel.

It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that American Catholics should be infected with isolationism. On the principle of opposition to totalitarianism, they are virtually unanimous; but on the question of political action, there are factors that tend to confuse them.

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Like so many other Americans, they are not always free from that ancestral animosity towards England which still smoulders sullenly and which was fanned by the question of war debts. Certain Irish elements, unable to forget Oliver Cromwell, have their ancient grudge. Then, too, there is the German "hybris" which has been stimulated by the German victories and by propaganda. Finally, nearly all are at least to some extent affected by their memories of the last war. They believe they were dragged by British cunning into something which was no concern of theirs; now they like to think they are too cagey to be caught a second time. Above all, because they do not want to fight, they keep telling themselves that what is going on is a European war between rival imperialisms.

This is the stock in trade of all isolationists. Catholic isolationists do no more than repeat the arguments of Senator Wheeler and Mr. Lindbergh. Even Ireland is no longer much of a stick with which to belabor Britain. The original Catholic contribution to the discussion — it is not very original and monstrously un-Catholic — is anti-Semitism. The moronic mob following Father Coughlin has come to think of communism as a Jewish affair and of course the "international bankers" are Jewish. Father Coughlin has been repudiated time after time by responsible Catholic leaders and *Social Justice* is not classed as a Catholic magazine. It makes no difference — millions of Americans still believe that Father Coughlin speaks for the Church. These people should be reminded of the unequivocal words of Pope Pius XI, who, speaking to a group of Belgian pilgrims on September 6, 1938, said: "Anti-Semitism is inadmissible. We are spiritually Semites."

To make matters worse, Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque, speaking over the radio last July 28, gave strong anti-Semitic implications to his speech, implications that were made all the more emphatic by the inflection of his voice. Time after time, he said he was addressing "American Catholics and Christians in general" or "American Christians" — pointedly excluding his Jewish fellow-citizens. He declared the war to be "not a holy war, or a just war, but a conflict of imperialisms to restore the shattered boundaries of international finance." He did not mention Father Coughlin, though his argument was largely Coughlinite, but quoted instead from Father Coughlin's enemy, Cardinal

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O'Connell, who has been an isolationist of a different stripe. His Grace of Dubuque took the precaution of admitting that he did not speak for the Catholic Church. His obvious purpose was to counteract the radio speeches delivered on April 30 and July 7 by Bishop Hurley of St. Augustine, who was obliquely referred to as "a cleric recently returned from abroad." The reference might have been more definite: Bishop Hurley had been attached to the Papal Secretariat of State.

The first of Bishop Hurley's speeches (delivered before the Russo-German war) was an attack on the isolationists, "those dyspeptic moralists [who] are the dupes of a few men who have no interest whatever in morals, but who are seeking to divide and discourage us in America." In his second speech, delivered early in July after Hitler had invaded Russia, Bishop Hurley pointed out that though the Holy See and our government have pursued independent policies, "he who runs may read, nevertheless, a striking parallelism between their attitudes where moral questions were at issue." He urged that "since our problem is primarily a strategic one, it should be left to the Commander-in-Chief" and then proceeded to castigate Catholic isolationists, in particular, where previously he had attacked isolationists in the lump:

> Among them is a small but noisy group of Catholics. We have suffered long from their tantrums. We have blushed with shame when they acted up before company as tantrum children will do in every family. Years ago they established the crank school of economics; latterly they have founded the tirade school of journalism; they are now engaged in popularizing the ostrich school of strategy.

III

The question arises as to which of these two eminent ecclesiastics comes nearest to expressing the Catholic point of view. The Bishop's political opinions I leave out of the discussion, as about these there may be legitimate disagreement. But what of his basic view of totalitarianism?

Here there is no room for doubt. Pius XI in a single month (March, 1937) published three encyclicals. The first, the *Divini Redemptoris*, condemned atheistic communism but at the same time advocated the rebuilding of the world of labor on Christian instead of capitalistic foundations. The second, *Mit brennender Sorge*, protested against the persecution of the Church in Germany and condemned Nazi racial theories, as well as the Fascist doc-

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trines that would deify the state. The third, *Nos es muy*, was addressed to the bishops of Mexico on the rights of Christians as citizens. Together, they covered the ground completely — and this before the war broke out.

The isolationists, and especially some of the Catholic isolationists, took fresh heart with the invasion of Russia. Whatever Hitler's past offences, was he not now the champion of Christian civilization against atheistic communism? Surely now the Pope would bless the crusade! But on that subject the Pope maintained an eloquent silence. His radio speech to the world, delivered on June 29, was a lofty and moving exposition of the ways of Divine Providence. "God's hour will come — the hour of liberation" was the burden of his address. To the whole world, the Holy Father gave his blessing.

Now let us consider the attitude of the Catholic press, as expressed by its three chief organs of opinion.

The editors of the *Commonweal* differ about the war, and have sometimes indicated their differences by signing their editorials. Michael Williams, now only a weekly contributor to its pages, has always been strongly interventionist. Philip Burnham, on the other hand, is somewhat pacifist in his political philosophy. Yet he has admitted into his paper views that are at variance with his own.

Perhaps more representative of general Catholic opinion is the Jesuit review, *America*. It has been, and still is, moderately isolationist, though one may notice in it, as in other Catholic papers, a gradual change in policy. The *Catholic World*, while definitely anti-Roosevelt and more belligerently isolationist in policy than either *America* or the *Commonweal*, has been equally as definite in its condemnation of all brands of totalitarianism. Father Gillis is by all odds the ablest Catholic editor of our time. I prophesy that he will be the last isolationist die-hard.

Not in these periodicals but in some of the diocesan weeklies one encounters what Bishop Hurley calls "the tirade school of journalism." Though these papers have condemned totalitarianism — and they could not very well do otherwise in view of the Papal pronouncements — I have often had the feeling creep into my mind that some of them are rather perfunctory in their attacks on Nazism and fascism and it is only when, like Archbishop Beckman, they get on the subject of "Britain and Bolshevism" that they are really able to put heart and soul into it.

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Of one thing, however, we may be perfectly sure: the moment America gets into the war openly, nobody will be more vociferously patriotic than these writers.

Meanwhile, the official attitude of the American hierarchy is explicit in its condemnation of Nazism and one may safely assume that this is the attitude of almost all American Catholics. Even Father Coughlin is not a Nazi, although he sometimes sounds like one and he is certainly anti-Semitic. But he represents only himself and his group — a rude minority voice which proves, if it proves anything, the length of the Church's forbearance.

When Hitler invaded Russia, a distinguished group of Catholics issued a manifesto as a full-page advertisement in many of the diocesan papers, indicating full approval of Bishop Hurley's speeches. A majority of the names on the list were Irish. Their statement blended sound Catholic principles with political wisdom. It reaffirmed that communism is the enemy of religion but concluded:

> At present the Nazis alone possess the physical strength necessary to implement their war upon the Church and upon every other spiritual aspect of human nature. They must be destroyed if we hope to save Christianity. The murderer of priests, ministers and Jews does not become the defender of religion just because he attacks another gangster who happens to be an atheist. Hitler's attack on Russia must not be allowed to confuse us. Hitler is still our greatest enemy and he must be stopped even if that means that we and the Soviet are temporarily on one side in the effort to resist a common enemy.

I do not know precisely what proportion of American Catholics would subscribe to all of the unmistakable implications of that statement. Nor does anybody else know just how many isolationists there are among them. Even as to how the country as a whole is divided on the question of entering the war we have only the polls to guide us. There is no reason to suppose, however, that American Catholics hold opinions very different from their fellow citizens. It is possible that there may be a somewhat higher percentage of isolationists among them but if so it can be only a slight difference. If you call a man a fascist because he supported Franco, then there are many American Catholic fascists. But that would not be just, and I say it as one who did not support Franco. In the Spanish War, the issues were clouded; they are now crystal clear. American Catholic fascists are neither American nor Catholic.

No two ways of thought can be more opposed than Catholicism and totalitarianism.

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▶ *It's not too late for the USA to clean its aviation house.*

AMERICA REPEATS EUROPE'S AVIATION MISTAKES

By Major Alexander P. de Seversky

The experience of the Old World lies spread under the eyes of the New World, as precise as a chart, if only we cared to read and understand it. American military aviation, specifically, is today almost an epitome of Europe's on the eve of World War II: we are repeating most of Europe's mistakes while imitating few of its virtues.

In recounting my personal observations in the aeronautical world of pre-war Europe, my purpose is to underscore those features which, it seems to me, hold concrete lessons and warnings for Americans at this time. I spent the seven months before the outbreak of the war in aviation circles in France, Germany, England, Italy and other countries. I was not studying the situation in the void, but trying to sell American planes to Europe. Consequently I came into unusually intimate contact with aeronautical officials, from Ministers down; with manufacturers and designers of aircraft; with rank-and-file pilots.

France was living in a fool's paradise of false safety behind its "impregnable" fortifications. It was a paradise in which nearly everybody made fat commissions and complicated "deals" and flaunted the kind of patriotism that paid dividends. Munich had awakened a section of the government and the public to the need for defense, but the preparedness under way was mostly of the verbal variety.

Military aviation was organized as a separate Ministry. But it existed meekly, almost by sufferance, in the shadows of the French Army, whose prestige was predominant. Aviation was just about tolerated and no more. It had neither efficiency nor discipline. Worst of all, *it had no clear over-all strategy.* Airplanes were built or bought, accepted or rejected, without reference to a precise plan for holding the skies of France and conquering the skies of potential foes; even without sensible relation to existing ground forces. Aviation was looked upon chiefly as the

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eyes of the Maginot Line, on the assumption that any new war would be basically a replica of the war of 1914–18.

Since the fall of France much has been said about the incompetence and venality of its air service. But the fault went much deeper. It was in the failure of the whole French people to recognize Air Power as their first line of defense. Aviation was badly and frivolously developed primarily because aviation did not seem especially vital. The real trouble was in the congealed military attitudes.

Inspecting French aviation factories, I was shocked by the pervasive confusion and lack of modern facilities. Everywhere production was slow, disjointed and in the end defective. In officialdom, people were selected, it soon became clear to me, because of political drag rather than ability. At every turn one was brought up short against stone walls of political indifference and even corruption: preferential treatment of certain firms at home and abroad, and a fantastic prejudice against foreign aircraft, motivated by a childish patriotism and business greed.

In general the French were antagonistic to foreign planes not because these were worse than the home product but precisely because they were conspicuously better and thereby exposed the shortcomings of domestic types and the failures of officialdom. It took me weeks and months to clear American planes — the kind of planes which might have saved France! — through the multiple barriers of red tape and deliberate obstruction. There was an eagerness to "pick" on minor details and there was shameless falsification of performance tests intended to "protect" French aeronautics against foreign "invasion," to make good on "deals" with favored foreign manufacturers, or both.

Thus a Seversky pursuit which could easily go up 30,000 feet was reported by a French test pilot as unable to top 20,000 feet. Without even checking speed, an arbitrary figure was reported to the higher-ups — a figure conveniently below the record for French pursuits. The same sort of prevarication held true for armament, firepower and other essentials. The Ministry accepted the absurd reports uncritically in a bureaucratic spirit. Only after I forced the issue to the attention of members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, was I permitted, with their assistance, to repeat the tests myself with sealed instruments, showing up the fraud.

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That, however, was not enough to break through the pyramided inertias. It brought me only the satisfaction of a gallant apology by the Minister of Aviation. He begged us not take the perjury as a private affront, since it was the expression of a generic hostility to foreign airplanes. When I pointed out that certain American planes were being acquired in considerable numbers notwithstanding, His Excellency shrugged his shoulders. The threads of the busy spinners of profitable cobwebs to snare their own country led even across oceans. . . . True, he explained, these pilots and officials falsified reports — but they did it out of "loyalty" to the French aviation industry! How could he punish people willing to perjure themselves for such high ideals?

II

The hopelessness of French aviation was thus borne in upon me in episode after episode. The nation was evidently taking light-heartedly the one weapon which, more than any other, was destined to determine its future. Before giving up the fight I called on the Chief of the French Air Force, General Vuillemin. A charming individual, he was wholly innocent of the realities of modern Air Power. When I pictured the possibilities of long-range fighters for operations in French Tunisia and Syria, he warmed to the idea, which was new to him. Then his face fell.

"But where could we possibly get such planes?" he sighed.

"Why, just such a fighter is now in your hangar at Villacoublay. Surely your subordinates have told you about my pursuit."

"But that's impossible," the General assured me. "Here are the reports on your machine . . . below French standards in every respect."

And he drew from his file another of those "patriotically" doctored reports. The plane's comfortable 2000-mile range had been trimmed down to 600 miles; its five machine guns were recorded as only three; its speed was set down as lower than a French Morane fighter's. The General listened in embarrassment as I took this report apart. Then he said sadly:

"I believe you, but I can do nothing about it. I cannot go against the whole Ministry. You are going to England. When you obtain the results of the British tests substantiating your claims, come back and we may be able to force the issue through the Chamber of Deputies. . . ."

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The picture of the Chief of the Air Force being fed falsified figures and prevented from acquiring the best available equipment is what remained with me most sharply. France possessed the semblance of an Air Force, as a concession to modernity, but its heart was not in it. When finally it awoke to the aviation need, it was much too late.

Meanwhile French officials and publicists deceived the country and each other by sneering at Germany's vaunted air might. They attributed fantastic performance to their own selections among domestic and foreign aircraft, and made light of German aircraft. Hitler's planes, I was informed solemnly by French "experts," would bog down in sustained action; their engines would explode; only one in a hundred had flying instruments, etc. There was little use in telling these experts that I had inspected German military aviation and had found the workmanship excellent and the substitute materials in many instances better than the original. They preferred their consoling fairy tales.

The British were more realistic about the German threat. Munich had struck home. Among military and aviation men I met a greater consciousness of the destined rôle of Air Power than in any country outside of Germany. But this was in large part vitiated by two sets of restraining forces.

The first and more important was the stubborn and unthinking faith of all Englishmen, high and low, in their glorious Navy as a military cure-all. To express serious doubt of the Navy's ability to protect the Islands and the Empire was a good way of losing friends. To suggest that the airplane had ended some of the old functions of fleets was a blasphemy. Touching in theory, in practice this faith served as a brake on the growth and proper equipment of both the Army and the Air Force.

British airplanes seemed to me the world's best so far as performance and military characteristics are concerned. They were frequently inefficiently designed, costly and difficult to build. Their workmanship was usually below the German or American standards, though easily better than the French. But in point of speed, armor, firepower, the Royal Air Force held the lead. What it lacked, of course, was numbers. Financially speaking, the R.A.F. was being kept on short rations.

Because it was developed under a naval ideology, moreover, the air force was lop-sided in its development. It had no adequate units

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suitable for coordinated work with the Army. (Since there was no real Army, the lack of that aerial element certainly cannot be blamed on the Air Force.) The British aviation command came nearest to understanding the concept of pure air warfare. But its style was cramped. The Air Force lacked the numerical strength which a first line of defense should possess, and those long-ranged, heavily armored bombers and fighters for an all-air conflict beyond the reach of naval fleets.

The second of the restraining factors was entrenched in the business world of England. Admitting that home output was insufficient, manufacturers and financiers yet were weighed down by fear of outside competition and of unduly expanded domestic plants *after the coming war*.

Air officials showed a sensible eagerness to acquire the best available machines. But official enthusiasm was repeatedly quenched by the cautious calculations of some aircraft industry leaders, working through their political henchmen. These were willing to let their government buy trainers and other craft for secondary purposes abroad. But the important combat aircraft, they felt, must be built at home. Under the technical alibis for this attitude was the fact of business-as-usual.

I stressed especially, in England, the advantages of my long-range single and two-seater pursuits, pointing out that they would give Britain aerial protection far out at sea. The decisive fact, I indicated, would be the ability to produce planes faster than the adversary when war started. Hence I suggested the advisability of developing sources of supply throughout the British Empire, beyond the range of hostile air forces. Such planes, I said, if built in Canada for example, could be flown to the British Isles with full military load, ready for immediate combat.

This idea was received enthusiastically by the Air Ministry. It was picked up by the newspapers and evoked considerable discussion. In business circles, however, the reaction was the opposite of enthusiastic. Indeed, soon thereafter a prominent British airplane manufacturer buttonholed me in a hotel lobby.

"It's a grand idea you have," he said, "of delivering planes by air from our Dominions and Colonies. But it will never do. If you want to do business with our country, you'd better forget such ideas. Haven't you stopped to think — what are we going to do with our own tre-

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mendously expanded aviation industry after the war? We must preserve our Empire markets."

In the dark days of national danger which were soon upon the British Isles, I often wondered whether that manufacturer and his friends realized their error. Had plants for long-ranged, self-delivered aviation been started in Canada at that time, a steady stream of aircraft reinforcements would have been flowing across the North Atlantic just when they were most needed.

III

In Germany I saw the world's greatest facilities for the production of aircraft, and an independent Air Force not merely on a basis of equality with the other services but in some ways favored above them.

In point of performance, I found the German planes distinctly inferior to those of Britain. The Germans had evidently decided to stake their fate on quantity rather than tactical quality. Deliberately, quite aware that it would give their enemies a certain qualitative edge, they had "frozen" their designs early in the race, in the interests of mass production. They were counting on overwhelming the British, if necessary, by the sheer numbers of their aviation. When I referred to the advantage of about 25 miles in speed enjoyed by British Spitfires as against the Messerschmitts, Nazi officials smiled mysteriously. I thought the smile covered a secret. In the first years of war it became apparent, however, that the smile merely covered a superior — and wholly mistaken — confidence in their numerical advantages.

Although immediate output was concentrated on "frozen" designs, creative aeronautical talent was deliberately encouraged, even if it involved financial waste. The blight of rigid bureaucratic "specifications" and official distrust of "visionary" ideas which harassed designers and aerial strategists elsewhere was not in evidence.

The Germans, on the whole, discounted their French neighbors as opponents but looked with misgiving toward the possibility of a test of strength with Great Britain. I learned that they were already planning long-ranged, four-motored bombers to intercept British shipping in the Atlantic hundreds of miles beyond the European shores. In this they were acknowledging again the transfer of vital naval functions to Air Power.

The Luftwaffe was geared for cooperation with ground troops

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and tanks, for joint action with naval forces, and for quite independent tactical actions. But within this scheme there were flaws. Contrary to the British, who had no Army Cooperation section in the RAF because there was no real Army, the Germans had an excessive bias towards Army Cooperation tactics. They were army-minded in the same sense that the British were naval-minded. This overemphasis eventually stymied the Nazis in their greatest air test: the effort to conquer the skies over England. Their aviation lacked the range, the striking power, the defensive armament and the proper tactics for such missions.

Italian aviation, like the surface of nearly everything else in Italy, was misleading. Casual inspection, I must admit, inclined me to form a better opinion of Il Duce's air arm than it merited. There seemed a promise of production which, evidently, remained a promise only. Like their French neighbors, the Italians evinced a puerile envy of any foreign craft superior to their own. They insisted, illogically, that their planes and guns were the best in the world and even argued that wood was better than metal as a basic aviation material. Their reluctance to buy foreign aircraft extended even to the planes of their ally, Germany.

IV

For those more or less familiar with the equivalent phases of American aviation, the deadly parallel with the worst elements in the pre-war European picture must have become unpleasantly obvious.

In the United States, as in France, there is scarcely the suspicion of a real over-all air strategy. Our Navy has plans and principles for the employment of aircraft to enhance its own strategy. The Army has not even that much but treats its aviation as "flying artillery" or "more effective reconnaissance." Neither service, nor the two combined, offer a true strategy for conquest of the air.

Here, as in Britain, it is well-nigh blasphemous to question the traditional rôle of the Navy as our "outer defense." Britain and France had prepared for a repetition of the previous war: French military prowess would hold off Germany while British naval power strangled it by blockade. American strategy, insofar as we can judge it from equipment, is likewise stuck in the muds of outdated thinking. Our aviation remains short-ranged, chained to ground services, not even seriously considered for use

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"on its own" in a sphere inaccessible to either of the older services.

The futility of such an arrangement becomes evident when we assume the worst: that Hitler has overcome Britain and that we are faced with an inter-hemispheral conflict. We would then have to strike across the ocean, even as Britain had to strike across the North Sea. And we would be equally unprepared for the task. Aerodynamically the ratio of the North Sea to the Atlantic is only three to one, so that a direct aerial conflict is wholly realistic.

France and England lacked pure aviation strategy though they had separate Air Forces. We in America do not even possess an agency with the responsibility and authority to develop such a strategy. German Air Power was handicapped by dominant Army mentality, British by dominant Navy mentality. In America we do far worse. We actually split our aviation, subordinating a portion to the Army, another to the Navy, and set them to competing with one another for the largest chunks of control, political influence and appropriations.

Under our system, the ability to work with non-flying superiors often takes precedence over aeronautical ability. Those with political skill in placating the Army and the Navy bigwigs, with a gift for happy hand-shaking and compromise, tend to rise faster than airmen with passionate convictions on the subject of Air Power. Creative boldness does not sit too well in any organization muscle-bound by inherited traditions. Thus we have the political affliction which helped to kill France, and in no less virulent form.

Germany's prime mistake — one that it is presumably correcting at breakneck speed — was in "freezing" aviation types for the sake of mass output. We in America, as pioneers of mass production, are even more prone to make that mistake. The average American still thinks of airplanes, just airplanes, when he should ask at every point: What kind of planes? How well suited to the tactical purpose? How far beyond these planes has our research advanced? The fact that we have shipped so-many planes to England somehow registers better than the further fact that a great many of them were not suitable for battle over England. Somehow our public has not yet realized the absurdity of mass production of types of aircraft *which will never see combat*, because they are already obsolete.

The fact that the dominant per-

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sonalities in our defense set-up are production men rather than creative strategists almost symbolizes the mistaken attitude. These men may be productive geniuses. Their immense and well-deserved prestige unfortunately means that their emphasis on output will condition the program; they will overawe the tactical innovators and inventive geniuses whose ideas naturally tend to obsolete current output. Plane types, of course, are selected by military specialists, but the weight given to production, as contrasted with neglect of creative research and aerial strategy, deepens our dangerous national obsession with numbers. Characteristically, one of these production leaders recently talked of defeating Hitler by sheer weight of our equipment. Our aim, I submit, should be to defeat the enemy by our brain power translated into superior equipment, assuring victory with least loss of life.

In America, too, national defense is at many points hampered by fears and prejudices in relation to foreign models. Knowing, as we do, that certain American aircraft types are inferior to British planes in the same category, why do we continue to build them in ever greater quantities? After all, with British drawings and tools available, it would take less time to launch the manufacture of such established types than to revamp and lift the face of existing types. At least part of the answer is that some of the very officials responsible for the backward models are still in authority. They are humanly reluctant to admit mistakes.

Let us take an example. Our liquid-cooled engines, used in pursuits which are described as "the backbone" of American military aviation now, after five years of experimentation, develop only 1150 horsepower, and are not yet entirely reliable. The situation was so appalling that national pride gave way to the extent of putting into production an imported Rolls Royce engine — one adroitly selected with a horsepower not exceeding our own. But for many months we have had available the British 2000 horsepower Napier Sabre engine, a power plant of proven excellence. It has been pushed around, postponed, hampered. Why? The only plausible explanation is the hesitancy to establish another and perhaps better engine source competing with existing engine plants *after the war crisis has passed.* As in Europe, there is the continual fretting about the condition of business — after the war. In worrying about the future

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too many forget that, unless we all buckle down to the main task, there may be no future to worry about.

The aviation industry as a whole is patriotic and high-minded and ready for sacrifice. But until there is American Air Power, with a unified command under far-sighted officers, and a planned aerial strategy, the industry cannot have the official guidance essential in the present crisis. Hence in many instances business-as-usual, which obsessed and helped finish off France, which endangered England, is no less a factor in America.

Sooner or later the country will realize that many of the business talents which are valued and admired in normal times have no place, and may even be harmful, in times of emergency. The reluctance to admit new companies or new units into a field of manufacture is understandable in a competitive world. But it makes no sense at a juncture when the best products must be obtained at any cost in the interests of national safety. The ability to chisel on costs and undersell the business opposition, even if it means a little skimping on quality, is normally regarded as a business asset. The competitive shrewdness which helps to eliminate a weaker firm with a more attractive product brings bonuses to executives in peacetime. In an hour of national emergency, however, such business prowess is clearly out of place.

Finally, even as in France, the officials in charge of procurement of defense materials have so much to conceal in their past policies and erroneous decisions that they fear a far-reaching house-cleaning. The backwardness of our aviation, after all, was not due to lack of aeronautic brains but to incompetence and limited outlook in high places. Many of the officials chiefly responsible are still entrenched in those places. The Administration is not to blame. Like the Daladier régime in France, it is ringed with vested military and commercial interests through which truth cannot readily penetrate. But the longer the house-cleaning is postponed, the longer inertia, self-interest and honest ignorance will combine to keep aviation in its comfortable old rut.

Viewing the American aviation scene against the backdrop of my vivid memories of aviation in pre-war Europe, the spectacle is not too heartening. For that very reason I have felt it my duty to transmit the picture without retouching to the American people. It is not yet too late. America's native good sense will assert itself.

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POLITICAL CARTOONS

By Arthur Szyk

The distinguished Polish artist, now residing in the United States, contributes a monthly commentary on the news of the world drawn especially for readers of The American Mercury.

Schicklgruber I, Czar of All the Russias

(For the Szyk series, "A Madman's Dreams")

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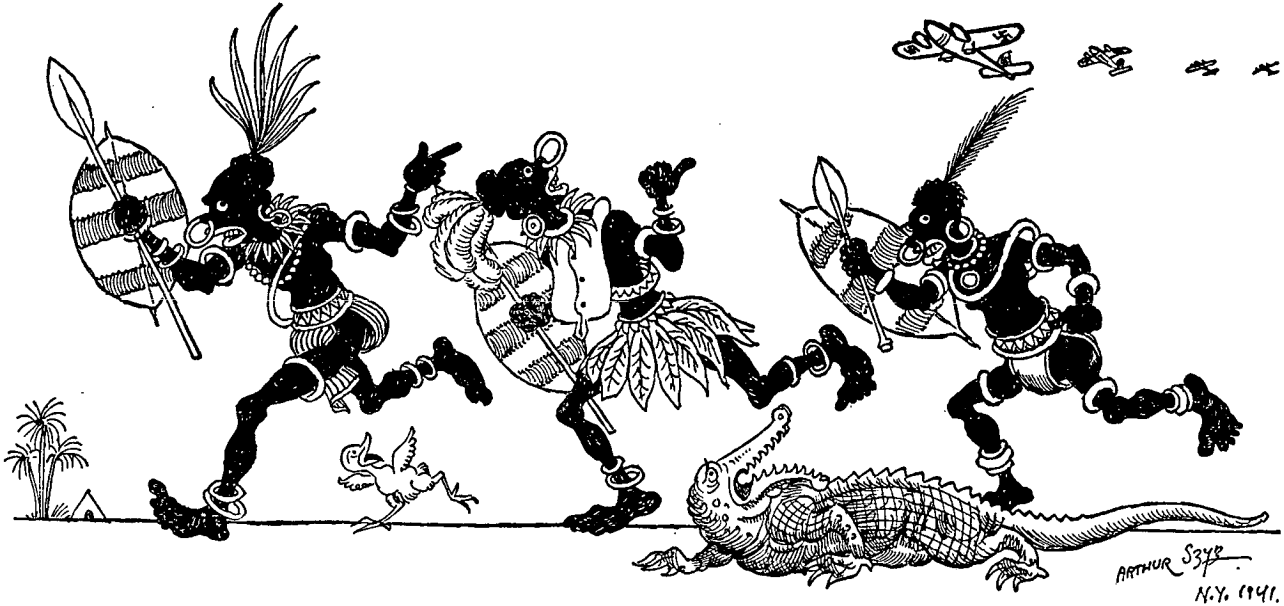

"Run for your lives! — The savages are coming!"

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Conquistadores

"On to the promised land!"

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"Now why can't you all be as cooperative as the great Marshal?"

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▶ *The conquered peoples carry on a "white war" on Hitler's hordes.*

OCCUPIED EUROPE FIGHTS BACK

By Barnet Nover

Hitler is a man sitting on a volcano. The lava has not yet begun to flow, but the sulphurous fumes seeping out through cracks on the surface give notice of the fury to come. These seismic forces are at work throughout Occupied Europe. Only a small part of the 150,000,000 non-Germans overwhelmed by the Nazi war machine has reconciled itself to the "new order." Neither is there any love lost for the Nazis in countries like Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria which "voluntarily" placed themselves under the swastika.

In only a few isolated spots, notably in Poland and Yugoslavia, has resistance reached the point of open revolt. Premature uprisings are discouraged by the leaders of the captive peoples as suicidal. The great danger, indeed, is that the Gestapo may succeed in the ancient trick of fomenting untimely rebellions in order to smoke out and destroy the rebels. Even after the attack on Russia, Hitler has been able to keep a most impressive garrison in Western Europe and found it both necessary and possible to increase the German armed force in Yugoslavia, though elsewhere in the Balkans policing was left to the Italians.

Resistance to the Nazis remains largely passive, covert, indirect — an unceasing war of nerves directed against the *Herrenvolk* and its Quislings, significant in its disciplined restraint. The writer has just completed an industrious study of a huge mass of evidence of the rising tides of resentment and opposition in Europe. It left him with a deep sense of strength in reserve, a feeling that the vast number of small signs on the surface are hints of cataclysmic forces under the surface.

Europe is not about to burst into open revolt. Let that be understood at the outset. Hitler will not be destroyed by isolated acts of sabotage, sporadic strikes and V campaigns. Yet the "white war" now being waged relentlessly against the Nazis in Norway, Holland, Belgium and elsewhere must not, on this account, be minimized. It has complicated vastly Hitler's task of governing a continent. It has prevented

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him from ruling through puppets and thus husbanding his military and administrative personnel, neither of which is unlimited. Resistance has hampered Germany's full use of the economic resources of the conquered area. Above all, the "white war" has been a frightening omen of vengeance to come.

The barometric pressure of opposition to the Nazis has risen and fallen in Europe with the tide of battle. It was practically down to zero when France capitulated. It rose the following September, as Hitler's failure to overcome England with his Luftwaffe became manifest. It slumped again after Hitler's triumphs in the Balkans, Libya and Crete. But hope burgeoned anew when Hitler found the going hard in Russia. Despite occasional sagging, the curve of opposition has steadily risen.

That is why the V campaign was able to make headway. Its real significance is that it has brought into being a symbol which overrides the hermetically sealed borders around each of the conquered peoples. To all of them, whatever language they speak, the V sign whispers, "You are not alone!"

Except in Poland and later in Serbia, the Nazi technique in captured nations was so far as possible to conceal the iron fist in a velvet glove. A "correct" attitude by the German troops in the conquered regions was ordered as a matter of policy. But the farce could not be sustained. The conquered populations soon discovered that the Nazis had brought not peace but a sword, and a poisoned sword at that. In Norway, the Netherlands and Belgium alike we can trace the identical pattern: an initial effort at collaboration rapidly transformed into passive resistance and thereafter moving toward the stage of active opposition.

Norway provides the prototype. The Nazi army of occupation was instructed to consider the Norwegians as "German blood-brothers," only a cut below the Master Race. But the Norwegians could not and would not forget the barbarous, unprovoked attack. In return for decent treatment, however, they were prepared to carry on in as normal a manner as possible. To that end, respectable citizens agreed to serve on a Council of Administration, set up as an emergency government after the abortive attempt to foist the Nazi Major Vidkun Quisling as head of the administration. The expedient collapsed within three months after the conquest. The Council refused to act as stooge for Hitler, refused to depose King Haakon. On September

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25, 1940, the pretense that Norway was an independent nation whom the Nazis had "rescued" from British attack was dropped. Norway became a German protectorate, in which all parties except Quisling's National Union were dissolved.

Since then Norway has been a real thorn in Hitler's flesh. Norwegians are no longer content to manifest their opposition by symbols alone, such as wearing paper clips in their lapels to express the will to stick together, or wearing coins with King Haakon's initials and his motto, "All for Norway," as medallions. As far back as October, 1940, reports of a wave of sabotage acts began to seep out. Trains were mysteriously derailed, electric cables cut, fires "spontaneously" broke out in places of economic and military importance to the Nazis.

The episode of the British raid on the Lotofen Islands last February illustrates prevailing sentiment. The British landed, destroyed a fish oil plant, seized German guards and Quislings and called for volunteers for the Norwegian Army being trained in England. Three hundred young Norwegians joined up. After the British departed the Germans came back, burned the homes of those who had left for England and imposed a crushing fine on the community. But the Nazis were badly shaken by the event. Garrisons in the coastal area and adjacent islands were reinforced, Gestapo agents were increased to an estimated 15,000.

On August 11, three Norwegians died before a German firing squad in Bergen. They were found guilty of having secretly visited England and returned with a radio transmitter which they had used to send military information to London. But many other such patriots continue to elude the Gestapo. The British are kept well informed as to military movements in Norway, the building of fortifications and other data useful to the RAF. On August 12, General Wilhelm Rediess, German police chief in Norway, admitted in an interview in the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Norway that the pro-British group is "gaining supporters for their anti-German plans." He blamed British broadcasts for "increasing instances of impudence and provocative behavior to uniformed and civilian Germans."

He would scarcely exaggerate the picture, since it was far from pleasant in Nazi eyes. The admission of widespread recalcitrance took a more striking form following the German invasion of Russia, when the Reichskommissar for

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Norway found it necessary to institute something resembling martial law.

II

Another nation which the Nazis expected would submit gracefully because of blood kinship was Holland. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, one of the gravediggers of the Austrian republic, was ardent in his protestations of friendship for the Dutch on his arrival in the Netherlands as *Gauleiter*. The Dutch may have been skeptical of the olive branch, particularly since he soon took occasion to thank publicly the despised Dutch fifth column, whose members he urged to act as "mediators" between the Dutch and the Germans. But in those first months after the blitz, the people were too disheartened and disorganized to offer more than the mildest opposition. Their armies and defenses had been smashed in five days. The shock was severe enough to numb even so tough-fibred a people as the Dutch.

Soon it became apparent, however, that the Germans were determined to loot, Nazify and bring the country within the "new order." Resistance at first took passive forms. On the birthday of Prince Bernhard, June 29, 1940, for instance, the people came out on the streets wearing white carnations, the favorite flower of the prince. That served as eloquent protest against the decree forbidding the wearing of orange flowers, indicating loyalty for the Royal House. The Germans thereupon prohibited the wearing of any flowers. The populace countered by beginning to wear string beans in their buttonholes; string beans in Dutch are "princess" beans.

When the occupying authorities began to extend the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws to the Netherlands, the Dutch clergy raised their voices in strong protest. When the Nazis ousted a Jewish professor from the University of Leiden, the other professors and students went on strike. The land of Erasmus was not easily to be transformed into the image of Julius Streicher.

One of the most notable episodes occurred on February 24 of this year, when the Germans gave permission to Dutch fascists to invade and attack the old Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. The Jews fought back. They were soon reinforced by workers from a neighboring quarter inhabited by dock workers and other laboring elements, who rushed in and joined the battle against the Nazis. In re-

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prisal, the German authorities made several hundred arrests; the victims were sent to concentration camps. The reaction in Amsterdam to this attempted Nazi *pogrom* was drastic and spontaneous. A large part of the working population failed to show up at their jobs the next day. The public services were crippled. To break the strike the Nazis turned loose armed men in cars to take pot shots at the population. Many were killed. The city was fined fifteen million guilders.

At the end of two days the strike was broken. Broken also was any lingering Dutch willingness to cooperate with their conquerors. The Nazis are now calling the Dutch "the Poles of the East." The Dutch, for their part, have learned to despise as well as hate the conqueror. Lately Dutch resistance has become more systematic, better organized. The people have been warned by their Queen and government in London that any attempt at an armed uprising would play into Nazi hands. They are taking this advice to heart. Despite all the efforts of the Gestapo, a two-way system of communication has been established between the Netherlands and England. News is spread by word of mouth and by mimeographed leaflets that pass from hand to hand. Sabotage assumes subtle forms. Monkey-wrenches are not often thrown into the machinery but the workers do find ways of soldiering at their jobs. Food supplies which the Nazis seek to take out of Holland mysteriously disappear. On July 17, Herr Schoenbeck, economic adviser to Reichskommissar Arthur Seyss-Inquart, said that a new restriction on the pork ration was caused by the "illicit disappearance of half a million pigs since registration was introduced."

In the first winter of captivity, with hunger stalking a land once flowing with milk and honey, with the heavy boot of the conqueror on their necks, the Dutch sometimes vented their wrath on individual German soldiers and Dutch Nazis. The long, blacked-out nights helped them as did the fact that many Dutch cities are criss-crossed by canals. In those winter months, bodies of German soldiers were frequently found floating in the canals. In Amsterdam, according to statistics published by the municipality, there were 139 drownings in the first quarter of 1941 as against 42 for the same period in 1940. By a strange coincidence, the great majority of those drowned were either Germans or Dutch Nazis.

Recently the Germans have taken increasingly ferocious meas-

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ures to put down this spirit of resistance. City after city has had its curfew period extended or has been fined for acts of sabotage committed within its borders, and ever more individuals have been sent to concentration camps. Dr. Henryk Colijn, thrice premier of the kingdom, is in prison. Neither his arrest, nor other strong measures taken by the Nazis have driven the Dutch into line. "We Remember" clubs are springing up all over the land; their avowed purpose is vengeance against the oppressors when liberation comes.

III

Only in Unoccupied France has Hitler succeeded in ruling through Quislings. The July 5 issue of the Copenhagen *Nationalsocialisten*, a Nazi newspaper, complains of the plight of the Danish Quislings thus:

> We will for once describe what we have so far acquired by being Nazis. We have acquired the hate, scorn and contempt of our countrymen, who call us Nazi swine and traitors. Our children are assaulted and ostracized. The police [i.e. the Danish police] always persecute us; we have been dismissed from our employment; we have been economically boycotted; every authority has deliberately annoyed us; we have experienced family quarrels; and in many cases we have lost acquaintances, friends, wives and children.

Similar complaints are being voiced by the unhappy Quislings of Belgium, France and Norway. Speaking at Malines last February, Staf de Clerq, Flemish fascist leader, declared that "an English wind is still blowing over Belgium and must be stopped." *Pays Réel*, edited by Leon Degrelle, Rexist chieftain, quoted him as saying:

> At present not 50 first-rate men would dare assert their attitude in public. Any prominent man who would choose, at this time, to adopt an attitude not strictly in conformity with the spirit of pro-British, anti-German and sabotage tendencies would immediately be branded as a traitor and incur the execration of nine-tenths of his family and business relations.

This hostility to the conqueror, *Pays Réel* attests, has infected even school children. The paper cites a nursery rhyme which, it claims, is being taught by Belgian nuns to their little charges and is sung to the tune of Frere Jacques:

L'Angleterre
L'Angleterre,
Gagnera
Gagnera
Gagnera la guerra
Gagnera la guerra,
Bing, bang, boum!

Like Denmark, Belgium was at first treated with special consideration. Back of this attitude was the hope that King Leopold would agree to serve as a puppet and thus facilitate the task of administra-

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tion. But the youthful monarch has continued stubbornly to regard himself solely as a prisoner of war. No civil administration has been established, the country having been under military control from the moment of conquest. For some months the municipalities were allowed to function more or less without hindrance. Now they are being systematically purged. German decrees on April 16 and May 26 suspended the powers of the municipal councils and assumed the right to dismiss aldermen. This action was publicly denounced by the burgomaster of Brussels, F. J. Van der Meulebroeck, a worthy successor to Burgomaster Max of World War fame. Van der Meulebroeck was expelled from his post and later imprisoned, and has become a hero to the Belgians.

Nazi newspapers in Belgium during recent months have told enough to reveal the extent and variety of the opposition. They tell of telephone cables cut, gasoline stolen from German garrisons, widespread strikes such as those in the coal fields of Belgium in April, fights between patriots and Rexists, acts of arson, demonstrations. They tell also of heavy fines and other punishments imposed on towns and cities where such acts occurred — such as the fine of a half million francs on villages in the vicinity of Liége where a depot of oats and hay belonging to the German army was destroyed.

Something like an underground railway has been in operation since Belgium was overrun. Its original purpose was to enable British soldiers stranded in Belgium to escape; its present purpose is to help Belgian youths get to England to join the Belgian forces there. Sometimes the patriotic conspirators are caught. The *Brusseler Zeitung*, for instance, revealed on April 8 that 13 Belgian men and women were tried for concealing British soldiers; one man and one woman were sentenced to death, the others were given heavy prison terms.

Again, as during the German occupation in the first World War, clandestine newspapers have made their appearance in Belgium. *La Libre Belgique*, which gave the late General Von Bissing such a headache, is once more circulated. Another is *Le Belge*, still another *Tenir* (Hold On). Five others, three of them in Flemish, are issued despite panicky Gestapo searches.

Though it is a capital offense in most parts of Occupied Europe to listen to foreign broadcasts, the BBC programs from London and the WRUL programs from Boston are heard all the same. The worry

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which such broadcasts give the Nazis may be gauged by the measures to counteract them. Admiral Darlan cited what was to him a sad fact when, in his broadcast of June 10, he complained that the people of Unoccupied France heeded the voice of the "secret or dissident radio."

The French people, too, have come out of the stupor that took possession of them after the catastrophe of June, 1940. There does not appear to be as yet anything like a carefully organized movement in either the occupied or the "free" zone. Resistance to Hitler's minions in France has up to now been the work of individuals and small groups and does not reflect an organized movement. It is not to be minimized on that account. The arrests in Paris in August, the million-franc rewards posted for denunciation of saboteurs, the manifestly growing jitters in Vichy and German circles are telltale facts. Paris riots and sabotage acts elsewhere since the beginning of the year have been serious enough to bring a grim Nazi warning that the whole population of occupied France would be held responsible.

Forbidding communist agitation in France, General von Stuelpnagel, commanding the occupying troops, decreed that "Any person who carries out communist activity, who carries out propaganda or who tries to; in brief, anyone who supports in any manner whatsoever communist activity is an enemy of Germany. Those guilty are subject to the penalty of death." Everyone understands that by "communists" the general meant also supporters of de Gaulle.

The peoples of Occupied Europe do not discount death threats by the German military authorities. They expect the worst and are not disappointed. Yet the very fact that such threats are necessary symptomizes the growth of resistance.

IV

Czechoslovakia is the oldest of Hitler's non-German conquests and one whose resources have contributed mightily to German military power. Yet even now, more than three years after Munich, the Reich has by no means succeeded in making full use of that country's industrial potentialities. At least part of the reason for this is Czech non-cooperation. During what is called the "second Czechoslovak republic," the period between the Munich pact and the German occupation of Prague, the Czech authorities and population did

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make an effort to work with the Reich in the hope that some portion of their national independence might be salvaged. Since the establishment of the Protectorate and particularly since November 17, 1939, when University of Prague students were rounded up by the Gestapo, tortured in cold blood and massacred, the Czechs have been in a state of latent revolt.

Innumerable executions have taken place, many Czechs have been given long prison sentences, an uncounted number of others have been sent to concentration camps. But these severe measures have only driven the resistance movement deeper underground. An increasing number of accidents are taking place in the Protectorate. Trains are derailed, collisions occur. Power is cut off from plants working on war orders. Machines are wrecked. Then arrests are made and men are executed. Thus, on May 4, according to the official Nazi paper, *Der Neue Tag*, one Viktor Berovec was condemned to death "for sabotage in an important war factory." Such items are typical.

As the hope of liberation rises, acts of sabotage rise proportionately in Nazi Europe. Hitler's best ally in the conquered countries has been the feeling of hopelessness. His secret police are as efficient as they are ruthless. But there are not and cannot be enough of them to watch everybody. That is why in Poland, where Nazi brutality has reached extreme heights, with a deliberate effort to bring about the biological destruction of the nation, two years of Nazi terror have failed to destroy resistance. In May, representatives of more than 2000 groups of organized workers, peasants and intellectuals met at a secret rendezvous in Poland. That in itself was a considerable act of defiance of the Nazi rulers. The manifesto issued by this conference breathes resistance to the conqueror and a deep faith in victory. It has been widely distributed all over Poland by the underground press, which now consists of more than a score of periodicals. At one point, this manifesto declares:

> We have been forced underground. Every moment the bloody terror finds victims among us. Despite the fact that the slightest connection with the work of liberation — even the reading or possession of an illegal newspaper — is punished by execution or slow death in a concentration camp, a far-flung net of freedom has come into being in the darkness of conspiracy. An invincible tide has arisen which steadily undermines the conqueror, surrounding him with the implacable hatred of all Poles. This hatred will never permit the oppressor to take root and solidify his power in our country.

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Poland was disarmed after the conquest. But not all the arms were turned in, despite the efforts of the Storm Troopers and Gestapo. Proof of this is to be found in an article published late in 1940 by the *Warschauer Zeitung*. Reviewing the first year of the Gouvernement General, this article stressed the fact that "fighting various gangs is a major task of the German police. The Polish forests have always been a favorite hide-out for all sorts of bandits and criminal gangs." The "bandits," it went on, have machine-guns, hand-grenades and other firearms. About the same time, *Die Innere Front*, a special Nazi bulletin, published an interview with Moder, the Warsaw Chief of the Storm Troopers, who declared that "80 per cent of the terrorist raids which have occurred during the last winter were politically motivated." German newspapers recently referred to at least three guerrilla bands operating in Western Poland alone. Frequent raids on post-offices are reported, the purpose clearly being to finance guerrilla activities. The *Krakauer Zeitung* declared that "several German military objectives were attacked in one night by the bandits." Another German paper announced a high reward for the delivery, dead or alive, of one Emmanuel Labus, a bank clerk described as the leader of a "gang" operating in Upper Silesia.

Guerrilla warfare in Poland, however, is mild compared to the guerrilla warfare waged in Serbia. According to reports reaching Ankara, a full-fledged rebellion is raging. The Chetniks — Serbian guerrillas — have taken to the mountains, the traditional sanctuary. In the face of the demands made upon their manpower by the Russian war, the Germans have been forced to send reinforcements of a division and a half to cope with the situation in a country they thought they had conquered in a week. The Serbian guerrillas represent, under present conditions, little more than a nuisance to be stamped out ruthlessly. But the spirit of the Chetniks is the spirit of the Europe that Hitler has presumably conquered — the Europe of tomorrow.

Nazi victories were made easier by German fifth columns. Europe is now alive with fifth columns of a different order. That continent today harbors an army without arms, an army now fighting with little more than its bare hands and inextinguishable courage. The conquered peoples refuse to remain conquered. Occupied Europe fights back.

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Ivory Towers To Let

The room was beautiful. The orchestra was softly playing a Strauss waltz. The girls in their flowered late summer dresses looked lovely. The champagne was excellent. I went over and sat with Dorothy Thompson. "What," she instantly and peremptorily demanded of me, "is your opinion of Molotov, Voroshilov, Kalinin, Malenkov and Timoshenko?" "I read Sean O'Casey's new play, *Purple Dust*, this afternoon," I said. "It is rich in poetic imagination."

She looked at me, over her champagne glass, with profound disgust. "What is a mere play, even one by O'Casey, in times like these!" she exclaimed.

"But," quaking, I allowed, "it happens that my job is dramatic criticism, and the play interests me."

"A critic!" she scoffed, as the waiter refilled her glass. "There is no place today for a mere kibitzer in life!"

Politely, nay with ineffable chivalry, refraining from observing that the only perceptible difference between us was that Dorothy was a critic-kibitzer in the field of war and politics whereas I was one in the field of the theatre and drama, I bowed elegantly at the middle, kissed her on each cheek, for I have long entertained a personal regard for her, and departed in the direction of the bar. There, after a brief colloquy with the bartender on the respective merits of Joe Di Maggio and Alphonse Daudet, the latter a favorite of my bartending friend, I stood and meditated.

Why, I wondered, in a world grown cruel and ugly and so famished for even a little glimpse of the old peace and fineness and beauty, why this paradoxical sudden wide distaste and even contempt for the artist and for those who would defend and champion him? Why, I pondered — and my bartending friend sympathetically pondered with me — this belief that there is no place in the world today for men and women who steadfastly hold themselves professionally, if mayhap not personally, aloof from the current confusion and who stead-

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fastly hope and try to keep alive the inspiriting old artistic traditions? And just how, my friend and I further ruminated, is the contemptuous attitude of the Dorothy Thompsons toward the artist essentially different from Hitler's?

The fact, nevertheless, remains the fact. There is little general patience these days with any novelist, essayist, poet or playwright who does not allow his work in one way or another to reflect his concern with what is immediately going on around him. And as we unfortunately have few spirits independent enough to resist the market clamor, the result is often something pretty painful. A dubious journalism has usurped the chair of Melpomene; Thalia wears a V sweater; Calliope grows to look more and more like Winston Churchill; Euterpe sings *The Last Time I Saw Paris;* Terpsichore runs a Bundles For Britain ball; Erato chalks derisory limericks about Hitler on the lavatory wall; Clio gives public readings of the Gettysburg address; and Polymnia patriotically hisses Wagner.

No one, surely, wants to see Nazism beaten and liberty and democracy preserved more than I do, and no one is more willing and fully eager to do his small share toward that happy end, but I'll be good and bedamned if I can see how it is going to be done, or even helped to be done, by the simple process of converting the fine arts into *PM* editorials. The Dorothy Thompsons and their boy-friends may write their heads off and yet they can no more bring down a single Messerschmitt with their propaganda screeches than they can bring up the estate of the drama with their propaganda plays like *Another Sun.*

II

It is much too early in the new theatrical season to tell just how far the stage this year again will go in plastering the ivory tower with indoctrinatory three-sheets. But unless all signs fail the analogy, parallel and straight-out propaganda playwrights will once more be with us in sufficient numbers and, as heretofore, will for the most part make us overpoweringly homesick for the days when the drama was still an art and not a rally. When I say us, I of course speak within narrow limits, for all too evidently there remains still a great audience to be capitalized on with dramatic repetitions of the afternoon's newspaper editorials, hams made up to look like Douglas and Lincoln, old-fashioned Germans heroically going back home to kidnap Hitler, pian-

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ists in the little invaded nations drowning out the Stukas with brave renditions of Sibelius, cloak-and-suiters identified spiritually with Jesus Christ, Free Frenchmen beholding again the angel of the Marne in the bottoms of their wine glasses, and illiterate cockneys suddenly brought to a realization of the grave danger to the civilization of Shakespeare, Milton and Warwick Deeping, shouldering a 22-calibre pistol, and gallantly going forth to beat off the full force of Goering's Luftwaffe and save the Empire.

Since themes matter little and treatment matters much, all this might conceivably be acceptable even to such fowl as strangely persist in esteeming *Romeo and Juliet* above *Flight To The West* or even *Shenandoah* and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* if only the playwrights who are busying themselves with the themes were sufficiently gifted dramatic artists. But the most of them are very far from that, and the consequence has been and threatens this season to continue to be a succession of defense campaigns, spiritualist cabinet materializations of Tom Paine, testimonials to the valor of our English and Chinese brothers, and hot-foots to Adolf artlessly masquerading as reputable drama, and fooling nobody but the actors and maybe a million or so other people.

This, obviously, as intimated, is of course solely the point of view of a professional critic of the drama, but how any professional critic of the drama can possibly entertain any other point of view and still hold his job with his head up is rather hard to make out. Yet the fact remains that there are plenty such, and that their heads still peculiarly brush the ceiling. For it is their stout conviction, regularly expressed, that if drama does not center itself upon the events of its immediate time it is not worth its salt and should be relegated to the library, where, presumably, it may languish forgotten along with all the great classic and modern literature there that similarly did not center itself upon the events of its immediate day.

This journalistic critical attitude, already spread through the nation like hot-dog stands and doing an equally rush business, is the most discouraging and malignant thing that our young dramatic artistic aspiration has to face. I know at least a half dozen young fellows of considerable talent who have come to me lately, in their eyes the look of little dogs lost and bewildered in a traffic jam, and who have speculated if there was any use in trying

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to write the plays closest to the hearts of their imaginations with contemporary criticism waiting around the corner with a blackjack.

The records of more modern dramatic history suggest that good propaganda plays — and there have been good ones — have for the larger share been written not during the fact but considerably after it. Meditation and reflection have thus distilled what was mere stark propaganda into the tincture of philosophical dramatic literature. Heat makes reporters; calm makes poets.

The usurpation by most of our leading playwrights, duly encouraged by the majority of our critics, of the profession of newspaper editorial writers, cable editors and Mecca Temple Ciceros seriously threatens that advance of the American drama which began so auspiciously twenty years ago and which, until lately, promised to grow apace. Only O'Neill stands stubbornly, courageously and brilliantly apart from the salesmen of popular indignations and therapeutic cure-alls, remains resolutely in his ivory tower, and to the ultimate greater credit of the native drama looks amusedly down at the swarm of neo-Aristotelian ants scurrying aimlessly among the day's newspaper files, frantically looking up the definition of analogue in the dictionary, and voraciously nibbling large chunks out of *Mein Kampf*, *Blood, Sweat and Tears* and the hundred and one *I Saw France Falls*. And only O'Neill does that drama a disservice by failing to give to it, in its hour of greatest aesthetic need, those fine, aloof plays which he has completed in the unholy dramatic din about him and which yet thoughtlessly he insists upon keeping from the stage.

III

As for the rest, look at the picture. Sherwood uses Lincoln as his Charlie McCarthy to sell us Democracy, and invaded Finland to sell us Preparedness. Anderson looks up and discovers the meaning of analogue and in *Journey to Jerusalem* uses Christ to sell us the error of racial persecution and oppression, and further drafts France, in *Candle In The Wind*, to sell us a lesson in sacrifice. Hellman wins the critics' prize with *Watch On The Rhine* for merchanting the need for some neo-Schurz to return to Germany and take a pot-shot at Hitler. Rice charters a transatlantic clipper and sells us tolerance of Zion and hatred of the Nazis in terms of a set of stock-company heroes at stage right and a set of stock-com-

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pany villains at stage left. Behrman also looks up and finds the meaning of analogue and in *The Talley Method* auctions us antagonism to the totalitarian doctrine in terms of a heartless surgeon. And he also sells us the philosophy that this is No Time For Comedy by forgetting for the moment that he is a dramatic artist, turning special pleader, and writing a very poor comedy. Kingsley is about to sell us the Constitution through an actor listed in the program as Thomas Jefferson. And Odets is said to be about to peddle us again, in *Clash By Night*, one of his cosmic panaceas boiled from herbs grown on the old *New Masses* lot.

Look further at some of the others. Barry vends the preciousness of American freedom through a parable in which a red-headed young actress called Liberty Jones is chased around the stage by ferocious characters representing Nazism, fascism and communism. Irwin Shaw hawks in *The Gentle People* an allegory in which oppressed Jewry is shown to triumph over persecution, typified by a Brooklyn gangster, by luring the scoundrel to Sheepshead Bay and with sudden bravado hitting him over the head with a lead-filled blutwurst. Robert Ardrey in *Thunder Rock* sells us the idea that we shouldn't rely on the traditions of the past, shouldn't lull ourselves into a false security and should bestir ourselves to fight for world order by exhibiting to us four or five actors designated as ghosts of the intrepid yesterday and then having them comport themselves like so many Joe Webers being poked in the eye by Lew Fields. John Howard Lawson in *Marching Song* retails the glory of the communist ideal in terms of the old foreclosure of the mortgage and the cruel eviction of the poor hero with his wife and little child; only the snowstorm is missing. Robert Turney hopes to recreate in us the Spirit of '76 through enough waving of the flag to give even George M. Cohan goose-pimples. Ben Hecht sells us the determination to battle the forces of fascism by presenting to us, in *To Quito And Back*, a bravo who finally rouses himself from lethargy and goes forth against the enemy armed with a mandolin.

Continue. Ellis St. Joseph in *Passenger to Bali* joins the Newcastle Coke and Coal Importing Co. by exposing Hitler in the person of a spurious clergyman who persuades the crew of a ship symbolizing Old Point Comfort, Va., or something of the sort, to mutiny. Burnet Hershey in *The Brown*

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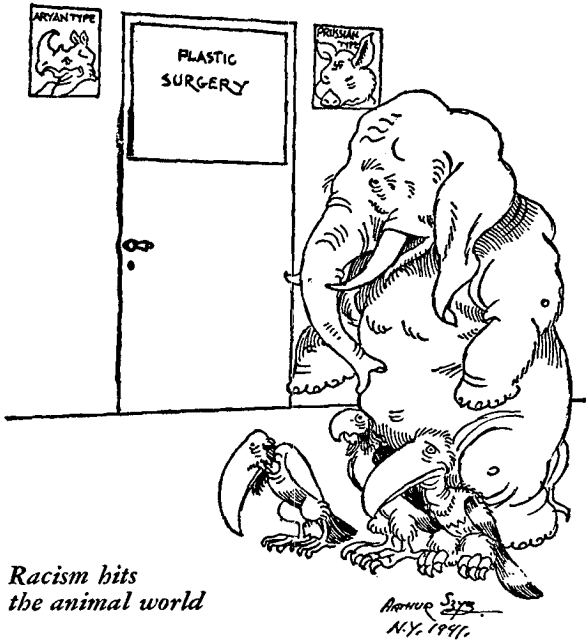
Danube proffers us the hypocrisy of the Nazi Aryan doctrine by bestowing upon us a high-class Nazi whose mother's maiden name is discovered, to his glowering abashment, to have been von Ginzberg. Even the customary humorists, the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, seek to sell us patriotism with a tear-brewery called *The American Way* in which an old German-American even more excessively amorous of the United States than George Washington or Walter Winchell is beaten up by a gang of Fifth Columnists.

And girls like Ayn Rand, Clare Boothe and Dorothy Thompson help sail the coal schooners to Newcastle with the aid of windy plays demonstrating, respectively, the virtues of the pure Russians, the despicability of Nazi consuls, and the pitiable plight of refugees from the dictator nations.

And they say *Saroyan* is crazy.



Racism hits the animal world

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A U-BOAT COMMANDER SPEAKS

By Captain L. E. Jaeckel

Except for the change in name and a few other details, to protect his relatives in Germany, this is a true account in the submarine commander's own words, as told to Captain Jaeckel. — The Editors.

If you met the man whom we will call, for the sake of discretion, Oberleutnant Karl von Schlessing, you would be impressed by the fact that he does not look like a U-boat commander. He might easily pass for a professional man from the Wilhelmstrasse, or Unter den Linden, in Berlin. Cheeks do not bronze in a submarine and waistlines do not expand. Von Schlessing is slender and of slightly more than medium height. His complexion is clear and his long, artistic fingers give no evidence of manual labor. He speaks excellent English; his Continental accent is not easily identified. One would never suspect that this well-modulated voice once barked orders which sent men and a ship to the ocean's floor.

Oberleutnant von Schlessing looks strangely out of place in a fenced and heavily guarded prison camp on the west coast of England, atop cliffs overlooking the Irish Sea. Surf roar booms up the cliffs like rolls of distant thunder and when the wind is strong out of the northwest it creates a dismal moan among the crevices. There is a dankness about the place, a combination of moisture-laden sea winds and the nearby moors that stretch away to the north. There are no standing trees or shrubs within a mile of the prison camp. One may not approach it unseen, for a single road leads across the marshes, and ends abruptly at the massive barred gate. Within the high enclosure are a half dozen long, low buildings. This is a prison exclusively for maritime officers.

Von Schlessing does not like to talk about his U-boat career. He chose the submarine service because he had no liking for the Army and U-boats returned to the Vaterland more frequently than other naval vessels. He preferred the more hazardous task for the

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privilege of frequent trips home. Only thirty-four years of age, he had a wife and two small sons in Stettin. He is willing to confess his early enthusiasm for adventure and his admiration for two U-boat commanders of another day, von Arnault and Hersing.

Leaning back in an upholstered chair in the reading room, he often lapses into silence during his reminiscence. He puffs his pipe slowly until, reminded of his promise, he speaks deliberately, in a low voice.

"My assignment was to cruise northward, toward the Orkney and the Shetland Islands. I must say that my first day in command was more eventful than we could have anticipated. We put out to sea from Wilhelmshaven between midnight and one o'clock one morning. The sea was choppy, something for which a U-boat commander is always thankful. He can go along at periscope depth with least danger of being seen by a chance warship. Shortly after dawn I gave orders to submerge to forty meters. Several destroyers stood out in fan formation on the western horizon.

"For more than three hours it was a game of hide and seek. They were on submarine patrol and their sounding devices surely registered our presence. It was nearly ten o'clock before I went up to periscope depth for a look around. The destroyers were gone.

"At noon we went to the surface to shoot the sun for our navigation and I decided to stay on the surface awhile. A submarine takes all the fresh air it can get and often it intercepts helpful radio messages. At three o'clock my lookout raised the cry, 'Smoke on the horizon!' Perhaps, I thought as I leaped from my bunk where I had been resting, this will be my first chance. I dashed impatiently up the ladder and sure enough, about two points on the port bow there was a smudge of smoke and it was growing larger each minute. A little later I gave the order to submerge to periscope depth and with my watch officers beside me, we awaited the approach of the steamer.

"I had to conceal my nervousness from the crew. Steeling myself, I gave the order to load both forward tubes. The ship was on a course that would take her astern of us and this puzzled me. Then, of course, I realized she was making for the destroyers I had seen. I maneuvered for position and kept a sharp eye for any smoke on the horizon. My heart was beating a

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tattoo on my ribs as I ordered the quartermaster to change course for our aim. We swung about slowly and before the helm was steadied, I saw men in uniform crowd to the forward gun of the steamer. We had been seen!

"'Port torpedo — fire!' I shouted, just as the gun crew brought its piece to bear. She was a British steamer, all right, and a big one but I did not get the name. I saw the torpedo cutting its white path through the water, and saw one explosion from the deck gun of the steamer before our torpedo struck. It was a perfect hit. There came a terrific roar and I saw a geyser of water and steam shoot high into the air. In less than two minutes there were three more explosions in rapid succession and for a moment I thought she must be an ammunition ship. Then it dawned on me that her boilers had exploded. My torpedo had struck in the engine room and I could picture the poor drowned devils below.

"There was confusion on the steamer. Men were running about in their frantic effort to launch boats; then something happened. I saw the ship break in two and men leaped into the water. The ship settled for the plunge. On the bridge stood a man in uniform, the captain. He held his head high, and was looking straight toward us. I could stand it no longer. With a heavy heart, I gave the order to submerge so that I might shut out the sight of those drowning men. Somehow my victory did not elate me. I knew I would be commended by my superiors if and when I returned to Wilhelmshaven. I had sunk my first ship, on my first day out, but a part of me seemed to have followed her to the grave."

II

No one could doubt von Schlessing's sincerity. The telling of his story depressed him and it was not fair to urge him on. One thought that this incident might be a reason for the threads of gray in his dark brown hair. He would not say so but perhaps he brooded until the memories disturbed his sleep. Those long fingers began to tamp tobacco into the pipe bowl nervously. When the pipe was drawing well and his nerves had steadied, he continued his story.

"It was foggy and dismal the next morning and in spirit I was much like the weather. All night I had lain awake, trying to soothe my conscience. We idled along at little better than half-speed in the

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fog and wondered what lay before us. No one knew. The mist enveloped us and it was disheartening that we could not see ahead. About ten o'clock there were rifts in the fog banks, but not enough for a sight of the sun. I was afraid of mines. But a good leutnant must curb fear and conscience.

"At noon the sun came through and with it came a few dreadful minutes — minutes that will live long in my memory.

"We had not the time to take a good look around when the officer in the conning tower called out sharply, 'Destroyer to starboard, bearing down!' 'Dive!' I shouted, as two men plunged through the hatch. In trepidation I watched the depth gauge. I thought the boat would never start its plunge. As the water mounted higher about the conning tower, it appeared impossible that the destroyer could miss us. Those few seconds were an eternity. There came a blow just forward of the conning tower and I felt the deck reel beneath my feet. But the lights did not go out and I kept my station at the depth indicator. At thirty meters I began a zigzag course, wondering why no depth bomb came hurtling down on us. For nearly half an hour I could hear the roar of the destroyer's propeller as it raced back and forth in the vicinity. Twice there were explosions of depth bombs that made the U-boat rock crazily. In another two hours I ventured to periscope depth. The destroyer was a speck on the horizon astern of us and I mopped the cold sweat from my forehead. A close call, that, far too close for comfort. Just a few seconds longer in submerging, and we would have been rammed fatally. There would have been one more iron coffin on the bottom."

Von Schlessing lived again those fateful moments. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow and his hands trembled. His voice, which had risen excitedly, resumed in a monotone.

"We dared stay on the surface all afternoon. From my log, I knew every precaution must be observed. We were getting close to the northeast shore of Scotland, and could not know at what moment we might become surrounded by a patrol. Twice we dodged destroyers. Once I went a long distance off my course to keep clear of trawlers. I had no torpedoes to waste on small fish.

"At dusk I saw a small fleet of trawlers heading westward and thinking we were safe for the night, we began casting the lead

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in the hope that we might lie on the bottom and get a good night's sleep. Three times we cast and as the water was becoming more shallow all the time, we headed in closer and submerged — first to twenty meters, then twenty-five, thirty, but still no bottom. At thirty-two our keel began to scrape stone. We drove ahead slowly, but not slowly enough. A sudden clanking sounded against the sides of my U-boat; I had gone straight into a trap. I commanded full speed astern, and heard the dread sound of propellers slashing cables. We had to stop. The effort would only result in snapping the propellers out of their shafts. That fleet of trawlers had been laying submarine nets and we were caught hard and fast. In the morning they would come out and get us, one way or another. Our U-boat would either be buoyed to the surface, or depth charges would be dropped upon us. Which, we could not know.

"With the thought of either ignominious fate, I summoned all hands amidship. It was only fair to give them a choice. I explained the situation. We had a choice of waiting for capture or certain death at the hands of the British, or we could flood the submarine and die by our own hands. They seemed uncertain, none wanting the responsibility of a decision. Finally, the engineer officer stepped forward. 'Leutnant-Commandant,' he said, 'you are a married man with a family, and young. You know every man wants to live. It is an equal chance. We leave the decision with you.'

"I could not snuff out the lives of forty-six of my countrymen. I gave orders to resume watch and watch. For myself, I drank quarts of strong, black coffee. I made the entry of the decision in the log book. Then I turned in. Toward morning I dropped off into a restless sleep. It was ten minutes before seven when I woke and joined the senior watch officer in the conning tower. We looked out into a dark gray world of water. The net cables grated against the sides of the submarine. The net was a tangled mass about us, easily capable of raising us to the surface. My unterleutnant sighed deeply. We waited in silence.

III

"It was eleven o'clock before we heard a thrashing of propellers above us. Then, after a few moments of silence, there was a clang on deck of some heavy object. Almost instantly, in the Interna-

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tional Code, came the query: 'U-boat, attention! Is there life aboard? To surrender, acknowledge and blow tanks.'

"I hesitated only a few seconds. Ordering my men to their stations, I took a thin steel measuring rod and tapped out a message: 'Officers and men of U-511 alive; depth, thirty-two meters. We surrender. In three minutes will blow tanks. Acknowledge.' The acknowledgment came back promptly and I pressed the signal button to blow all tanks. The U-boat pointed her nose upward and we went to the surface with a rush, the net tightening as trawlers hauled the slack. While our decks were still awash men were boarding us. One by one we left the conning tower, were searched and distributed aboard trawlers. Five of us are here in this one prison camp, all officers."

His pipe had gone out. He lit it with steady fingers. Did he regret his decision? His eyes grew thoughtful. "No," he said at last, "I am sorry for one thing only, and that is for the sinking of that British ship." His jaw tightened. "I have no quarrel with the English people. I have had occasion to regret that sinking ever since I have been a prisoner. The British have treated me with every consideration and courtesy. They asked me some questions — questions I was not able to answer. They accepted my word that I could give them no information of value." He made a gesture with his hands and looked out of the window toward the high, electrified fence and the diligent sentries pacing to and fro mechanically. "Except for the bounds imposed by the guards, I am a free man. I rise and retire when it pleases me. I read whatever strikes my fancy. I write, with discretion, to whom I will. All my necessities are furnished, including," and he puffed his pipe appreciatively, "an excellent tobacco. My wife and children know I am safe. I wish I could know they were as safe as I."

Oberleutnant von Schlessing glanced toward the clock on the wall. It was nearing dinner time. He rose from his chair, indicating that the interview was at an end. The soft, well-kept hand was stretched out in farewell.

"I am growing to like England," he confessed. "You see, back in Germany I do not doubt that beside my name in the records there is an entry stating that my career as a U-boat commander is likely the shortest and most insignificant in history — but truly, I can't be sorry."

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▶ *The killing of seducers is legal where men are men.*

ADULTERY AND MURDER IN TEXAS

By William Seagle

One of the best known of American folkways is the so-called "unwritten law" which justifies a man in slaying the villain who has broken up his home by seducing his wife. A jury is especially likely to apply the "unwritten law" when the husband has caught the adulterer *flagrante delicto*. In such cases the husband may not get off scot-free but he is likely to be convicted of manslaughter rather than murder. A Philadelphia judge once remarked: "In this court the unwritten law isn't worth the paper it isn't written on." Be that as it may the vengeful husband has at least to take his chances with a jury. But there are two American states, Texas and New Mexico, in which the husband who slays the homebreaker is under certain circumstances expressly guaranteed absolute immunity by statute! In a third state, Georgia, a like result has been achieved by judicial construction. In a fourth state, Delaware, the husband who slays the adulterer is guilty only of a misdemeanor, for which the maximum penalty is a year's imprisonment, and the minimum, a fine of $100. Thus the "unwritten" law is written down in the plainest terms in four states.

The Texas Penal Code provides: "Homicide is justifiable when committed by the husband upon one taken in the act of adultery with the wife, provided the killing takes place before the parties to the act have separated," while the Penal Code of New Mexico is phrased thus: "Any person who kills another who is in the act of having carnal knowledge of such person's legal wife shall be deemed justifiable; provided, that said husband and wife are not living separate but together as man and wife." However, the courts of New Mexico, Georgia, and Delaware have restricted the scope of their statutes. They have indicated that the husband must actually take the adulterer in the act, and that it is justifiable to kill him only in the heat of passion or if necessary to prevent its consummation. This

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ius ultimi noctis, so to speak, is thus preventive rather than punitive. But the Texas courts have interpreted the provision of the penal code with such extreme liberality that the husband has been made judge, jury and executioner all in one. The Texas Supreme Court has been even more liberal than Texas juries. Curiously, it is the Supreme Court of New Mexico that has declared that the Texas decisions create a system of "licensed murder."

The Texas Supreme Court has actually gone far beyond the language of the penal code. The husbands need not actually take the adulterer in the act. He is justified in killing if he merely catches him under incriminating circumstances. Moreover it has been held regularly that the words "before the parties have separated" mean merely that they are still in each other's company. In the leading case of *Morrison v. State*, decided in 1898, according to the husband's own story the slaying took place after the guilty pair had left the house, and were walking down the street. The husband, moreover, had waited outside the bedroom for over an hour, knowing that his wife was being unfaithful, before he followed her and her companion out into the street. The principle of this case was reaffirmed in 1925 in the case of *Cox v. State*. In *Stillwell v. State*, decided in 1926, the adulterer was slain although at the time of the homicide he was already sitting on the porch with the wife in the presence of other people, and in *Holman v. State*, decided in 1922, the husband killed the lover when he saw him get out of a car with his wife and start walking into a hotel. While in both these cases the plea of justifiable homicide was rejected, it is no wonder that the killings should have occurred, considering the judicial encouragement which husbands received in other cases.

II

It must be extremely perilous to make a chance call upon a Texas married couple at night. Should the husband be out, but return before the visitor has departed, the latter will be lucky if he is not shot because he has removed his hat and coat, and made himself comfortable in an easy chair. For, the Supreme Court of Texas has held in *Gregory v. State*, decided in 1906, it is error for a trial judge to have charged the jury that the husband must discover the parties "in such a position as indicates with reasonable certainty to a *rational mind*

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that they had just then committed the adulterous act, or were then about to commit it." It is sufficient if the husband came to this conclusion in good faith although a rational mind might not. The husband, who is made the judge, is not required under the circumstances to think clearly. All that the husband saw in this case was that the man he proceeded to kill had his arm around his wife. No Texas husband should read too many Restoration comedies.

The husband, of course, may act upon appearances although, as the old adage has it, appearances are deceiving. Certainly he is not required to ask the lover if he knew that the lady was married. If in such cases ignorance is usually bliss, certainly it may be otherwise if the wife has visited a house of ill-fame. An inquiry into existing matrimonial relationships would under such circumstances be beside the point. Yet the Supreme Court of Texas held in *Giles v. State*, decided in 1902, that the husband may slay an adulterer even in a house of ill-fame! "The statute makes no exception in favor of one place or another," said the Court, "but is broad enough to include every place. It certainly does not authorize an immunity to one who has debauched the wife of a citizen, provided he shall induce her to meet him at a house of ill-fame, or assignation house. It occurs to us that this would violate not only the letter, but the spirit, of the statute, and would nullify it." It is the theory of the Texas system of invitation to murder that the husband is protecting an innocent wife who has been misled. She is compared to a citadel of virtue that has been set on fire. But surely this presumption, absurd in itself, should be disregarded when the wife has consented to go to a house of ill-fame.

The husband, of course, is not required by the law to conduct, in the moment between discovery and homicide, an inquiry into the question whether the wife took the initiative. Indeed he may act even if he had reason to think the wife had arranged the assignation. The wife may even be a habitual sinner, to the knowledge of the husband, provided that he has not connived in making himself a cuckold. Indeed, in some of the decided cases the wife was not much better than a common prostitute. Moreover, the husband need not necessarily act in the heat of passion for he is allowed to stalk his prey, and has done so in most of the reported cases. In other words, although

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the husband had known of his wife's intimacy for several weeks he is justified in killing her lover when he finally catches him in the act of adultery. It is immaterial also that the husband has mistreated his wife, and that there is no love lost between them. There are indications in the cases, indeed, that the husband would succeed in a plea of justifiable homicide although he was at the time separated from his wife!

The records in some of the cases suggest indeed that the wife's unfaithfulness was probably not the real motive for the murders, and that the plea of justifiable homicide has been entered only after consultation with a good lawyer. In *Gregory v. State*, for example, the slain paramour was the husband's landlord, and they had been quarrelling over the renewal of the lease. In the nature of things there are rarely witnesses to the act of homicide. The paramour himself has been removed. The wife is not competent to testify against her husband. The husband is therefore quite free, as a rule, to concoct his own story. In *Morrison v. State*, where there was an eyewitness to the shooting, he swore positively that the husband had lain in wait for his victim, and had shot him in the back.

The Texas system of licensed murder is not without its wry humors. These may be attributed to the fact that the Texas Supreme Court has vacillated between a strict and liberal interpretation of the statute. Although, if literally construed, it quite obviously allows the husband to kill the paramour only, nevertheless the Texas Supreme Court long held that the husband was privileged also to slay his wife. This rule was laid down in two cases decided in 1914 and 1915 respectively, *Williams v. State*, and *Cook v. State*, which are perhaps the most remarkable in the whole history of the Texas adultery murder statute, for they illustrate most of the fantastic faults of the law.

In the Williams case the wife was so frequently and notoriously unfaithful that the husband had previously been requested by his landlord to move, which he had done. The wife had previously left Sid Williams on two occasions. At the time of her murder she was carrying on with a cousin, Jim Pollard, to the knowledge of Sid Williams. The latter's own story was that he had discovered the pair in the barn, from which he chased them back into the house. There they had a considerable altercation or "discussion," and Pollard threat-

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ened to kill Sid Williams, who thereupon shot at him but missed and shot his wife through the back of the head. According to Sid Williams his wife then performed the remarkable feat of running 100 yards from the house with a bullet in her brain before she dropped dead. The State contended, however, that Sid Williams had never left the house or surprised the couple in the barn, and had intentionally shot at the wife first in order to do away with her. There was unimpeachable evidence, moreover, that Sid Williams had supplied himself with a gun the night before. Despite the fact that the wife and Pollard had tried to scatter before getting to the house, and a long discussion had ensued, Sid Williams was held to be entitled to a charge under the adultery murder statute. The trial court instructed the jury that if they believed that defendant came upon Jim Pollard in the act of adultery with defendant's wife and in shooting at Pollard defendant accidentally shot and killed his wife, he should be acquitted, as this would be an accidental killing while defendant was engaged in performing a lawful act, that of attempting to kill Pollard. Judge Davidson commented thus, in an opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeals:

> The court limited appellant's right to kill to the fact that he shot at Pollard and incidentally killed his wife. We are of the opinion that this is too restrictive, though the question is not raised. We simply call attention to this so upon another trial this may not arise. . . . If Judge White is right, appellant would be also justified in killing his wife intentionally as well as incidentally in shooting at Pollard.

In the Cook case, the court began its discussion by remarking: "This case, *as is usual*, has two sides to it." Mrs. Cook, on the night of the murder went to a dance hall while her sisters went to the movies. When they returned without her at 11 P.M. her husband went out looking for her, because, as he said, she had been staying out late for quite a while. He went a block from the house, and sat down on the stoop of a vacant house. In about a half hour, Mrs. Cook and one Grimes came into sight. According to the state, the husband then shot Grimes in the stomach, and the wife in the back of the head as she attempted to run away. The husband's story, however, was that he saw them standing in a lascivious embrace, and shot them when they refused to separate. Despite the fact that they were embracing on a public street, the husband was held entitled to a charge under the adultery murder statute.

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These two cases were partly overruled in *Billings v. State* decided in 1925, which held that the privilege of the statute was confined to the killing of the adulterer only. In 1933, however, in the case of *Reed v. State* the Supreme Court of Texas was faced with the question whether a wife could slay the woman whom she surprised in an act of adultery with her husband. Despite its earlier generosity in construing the law so as to permit a husband to slay an erring wife, the Supreme Court of Texas unequivocally answered the question in the negative. Women might otherwise have equal rights but they could not avenge the disruption of their homes.

The Supreme Court of Texas has been equally inconsistent in answering two other puzzling questions. Suppose the irate husband merely attempts to beat up his wife, and kills the paramour only in self-defense when he interferes to protect the wife? The Court has said that the homicide is still justifiable although the husband's intention was not to kill, and the killing was an accident. But suppose the husband instead of shooting the adulterer merely proceeds to maim him? In *Sensobaugh v. State*, decided in 1922, the Supreme Court of Texas said that he might be convicted of criminal assault! The provision of the Texas Penal Code may accurately be described as an "Act to Encourage Straight Shooting."

III

Curiously the act which under the law of Texas is punishable by death at the hands of the husband is not even a crime in the State. It is true that adultery is under the Texas Penal Code a misdemeanor punishable by a fine from $100 to $1000 but adultery as defined by the code is habitual cohabitation. But for the purposes of the law of justifiable homicide there suffices a single act of adultery, i.e., the ecclesiastical conception of adultery. An even stranger anomaly is to be found under the law of New Mexico which permits the slaying of an adulterer actually taken *flagrante delicto*. In New Mexico adultery is not any sort of a crime at all; it is not even a misdemeanor although habitual.

Until 1927 a husband in Texas was also directly encouraged to take the law into his own hands whenever he received information that his wife had been unfaithful. The Penal Code expressly provided that the offense of murder should be reduced to manslaughter

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if the husband slew the guilty man as soon as he discovered the fact of illicit connection. It was immaterial how long before the slaying the adultery occurred provided the husband acted promptly in avenging his honor. Interpreting this provision of the Penal Code the Courts even held that it was immaterial that the husband's information had been unreliable, and that in fact the suspected pair were innocent! In fact a like liberality was also extended until 1927 towards all Texas citizens who undertook to avenge insulting words spoken concerning female relations. The Penal Code also provided that if the foul-mouthed villain was slain, the crime should be manslaughter rather than murder. The punishment was usually trifling.

There are no figures available to show the number of "justifiable" homicides in Texas arising from attempts to avenge the violation of conjugal rights. But the problem has occupied the attention of the Texas Supreme Court so frequently that it hardly can be doubted that the number of such homicides is considerable. There are twenty-six cases in which the Texas Supreme Court has had to construe the adultery murder statute, while there are only a few for the three other states where the law is similar. Appealed cases are, of course, only a faint indication of the number disposed of in the lower courts. Texas, like all the Southern States, has an extremely high homicide rate, and its two largest cities, Houston and Dallas, are among the thirty most murderous cities in the country. The adultery murder law, which has been an important factor in encouraging this contempt for human life, has been on the books in Texas since 1856, and remained unchanged in the 1927 revision of the homicide law.

The Texas law of justifiable homicide is truly atavistic, harking back to the remote days of the blood-feud. Even after the law had succeeded in curbing self-help, it was often deemed politic to allow the individual himself to wreak immediate vengeance under aggravating circumstances. Thus one of the laws of Solon allowed the slaying of the adulterer. The Roman Civil Law, however, confined the privilege to the case in which the adulterer was discovered by the husband in his own house. In this limited form the privilege still exists under the law of France, and perhaps a few other Latin countries. It is safe to say, however, that nowhere today is the privilege as extravagant as it is in Texas.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Limits of Free Speech

By Max Eastman

We must not forget that democracy is fighting totalitarianism on the home as well as the foreign front. On the home front, moreover, the agents of Stalin and Hitler, although no longer polite to each other, are working to the same ends. Their activities are the spearhead of the world attack on democracy. And this spearhead is not directed primarily against munition dumps, nor against factories either. It is directed against democracy's vital essence — those social habits, laws and principles and institutions which make it what it is. To supplant our democratic "way of life" with the way of life under the rule of a dictator and an armed party is their primary task.

In fighting this mortal danger, democrats find themselves in a peculiar and seemingly hopeless dilemma. The democratic way of life, honestly lived, involves granting to minorities the right to advance their views. If that right is denied to the totalitarians, democracy seems to be destroying itself. If it is freely granted, democracy seems to be surrendering to its enemies without a fight.

What are we going to do about this? Are we going to extend the full enjoyment of minority rights to citizens who aim to destroy democracy and replace it with gang-rule under a tyrant? Pure theory seems to say yes. Common sense says no.

Common sense is backed up by the testimony of refugees from countries already fallen to the tyrants. It was only the liberality of their democratic governments toward the internal enemy, they tell us, which made possible the overthrow of democracy. Pure theory, on the other hand, is backed up by organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union, which not only give legal counsel to arrested Stalinists, but actually lacerate themselves from time to time by defending avowed

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fascists and Nazis in their right to promote the cause of tyranny.

I think that common sense is right. It is not only practically but theoretically right, if democratic theory is properly understood. I was discussing the question one day with Arthur Garfield Hays, the Civil Liberties Union's attorney, and an able court champion of the rights of oppressed minorities. Hays believes in drawing absolutely all practical inferences from the concept of Free Speech as a sovereign principle. But like others of this belief, he has two ways of supporting it. One is to say that democracy stands or falls with the rights of minorities to express themselves, and any infringement of this right is the beginning of the end of democracy. Here it seems a mere matter of logical consistency that believers in free speech must grant this right to their extreme opponents, those who don't believe in it. In another mood, however, Hays has a more practical argument: "The best way to do away with a bad idea is to let everybody discuss it in complete freedom."

We find these two arguments in the minds of most extreme devotees of free speech. They are the arguments with which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt justified her patronizing of a Youth Congress manipulated by Stalinists. They are the arguments by which New York's Borough President Isaacs justified his employment of a Communist Party member in a municipal office. They are the usual arguments. And they are commonly assumed to be identical. One, however, is a logical inference from an abstract dogma regarded as having absolute validity, the other is a conclusion based on a statement of empirical fact. Let's take them up separately.

As to the dogma: it is certainly more appropriate than most dogmas to the uses of democracy. Free speech for minorities is, generally speaking, of the essence of democratic procedure. But in their hearts even the dogmatists know, if they are well-educated, that social life is too complex to be regulated by dogmas. In order that the citizens of a democratic society may live even with safety, the principle of free speech has to be limited by the criminal law. No man and no minority is free to spread libel or advocate specific acts of murder. There is no *logical* reason why these limitations should not be extended to make safe the existence of the democratic society. Laws passed to protect democracy from minorities conspiring against its existence may, and at times certainly will, be used to suppress

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legitimate minority opinion within its framework. This is so real and extreme a danger to democracy that in most times and places it is a lesser risk to extend complete freedom to those who aim to strangle freedom. *Wherever that ceases to be the lesser risk, however, this practical reason disappears, and there is nothing but the dogma left.* If or when that time comes, those who know how to love freedom not as an abstract idea, but as a concrete fact, limited as all facts are by conditioning circumstances both temporary and inherent in the nature of things, ought to be ready to suspend its purity in order to defend its existence. If republics cannot muster that much flexibility without compromising their essential democratism, they may well go down, as the German republic did, and the Italian constitutional monarchy, through mere lack of guts and good sense. It is the teaching of bitter experience that Edouard Heimann transmits to us in his *Communism, Fascism or Democracy:* "Democratic liberty can never include the liberty to destroy democracy by organized slander or armed force."

As to the practical argument that "the best way to do away with a bad idea is to let everybody discuss it": that is, like most proverbs, a half truth, useful when the other half does not happen to be called for. The other half is that the idea backed by the most power and money almost always wins out over the good idea. Other elements enter into the picture but these two are sufficient to suggest its complexity. The wonders achieved by the advertising business are sufficient to set us on our guard against this casual proverb of democracy in its days of security.

In our conversation, I called Arthur Hays' attention to this, and to the fact that he was using these two very different arguments, the dogmatic and the empirical, as though they were the same. I asked him which one he would stand by in the long run.

"Suppose," I said, "that you were confronted with a situation in which you plainly saw that the continued extension of free speech to an anti-democratic minority would result in the overthrow of democracy. Would you abide by the abstract principle of free speech, or would you save, at the cost of their impairment, the institutions of democracy?"

His answer was, at that time: "Well, I believe I would go down fighting for the principle."

This seems to me a religious and not a scientific attitude. Above all,

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at a time like the present, when democracy is defending itself against totalitarian conspiracies subsidized by foreign governments, and when the cynical use of free institutions for the purpose of their own subversion has developed into a technical and expert art, an art of playing democrats for suckers, to continue in this antique attitude seems little better than the folly of the *idée fixe*.

The whole truth under the half-true proverb is that free public discussion of good and bad ideas is essential, not only from the standpoint of the rights of thinking citizens, but from the standpoint of science and the progress of civilization. It is so essential that a considerable latitude ought to be extended even to those who are conspiring to destroy civilization. They should be held in leash as long as possible merely by denying them the right to arms and uniforms and military drill, by exposing their real aims and educating the public against them. But this again is not an absolute or an eternal truth. It does not mean that sane people who believe in civilized progress are required to lie down under a deliberate frame-up of public opinion which proposes putting an end to civilized progress. Must democracy really commit hara-kiri?

The simple fact is that criminal power-fiends are ganging up against human civilization. Their chief weapons are not the sword and pistol as they used to be. Their chief weapon is the modern technique for selling ideas to the public, so brilliantly set forth by Adolf Hitler in his Bible of unscrupulousness, *Mein Kampf*. Are those who understand this fact going to let civilization be destroyed because its further progress depends upon the free discussion of ideas? Will they not, if driven to that point, defend its existence at the cost of some postponement of its progress?

If they are flexible and realistic, if they are workers in fact rather than zealots of ideas, they will. It is again a question of science against superstition, of intelligence against blind zeal, a question of recovering from our otherworldly medieval heritage. Those concerned to defend democracy as a thing existing in this world will, in the extreme emergency, stretch out their tolerance, as did the Athenians and the Romans of the republic, rather to the tyrannicides than to the conspirators of tyranny.

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"Correct again, Noah Webster!"

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THE DICTIONARY says that a "profession" is a "calling in which one professes to have acquired some special knowledge used by way either of instructing, guiding, or advising others . . ."

Under that definition, the proper sale and service of life insurance is a profession, for the trained life insurance agent is a man who has acquired special knowledge which he uses in guiding and advising others.

Because his calling is highly specialized, the agent has become more and more a career underwriter who works constantly to increase his knowledge and thus improve his ability to serve policyholders properly.

The Metropolitan agent, for example, is trained how to judge a family's life insurance needs and how to help each family buy the type of insurance best fitted to its needs. He learns to help distribute the protection properly among the members of the family.

The agent strives to keep the insurance protection fitted to the family's situation. He also learns to arrange modes of settlement so as to achieve most effectively the hopes and ambitions of the policyholder. On some policies, he collects premiums and sees that dividends are credited.

The agent often acts as trusted friend and advisor in problems connected with the family's policies. When a policyholder dies, the agent frequently helps the bereaved family by preparing the necessary papers and by getting the claim check promptly to the beneficiary.

The Metropolitan agent is interested in the health of policyholders and of the community in which they live. Because of this interest, he plays his part in Metropolitan's welfare service. During 1940, Metropolitan agents helped to distribute more than 52,600,000 booklets on health and safety problems. In addition, agents are instrumental in bringing Metropolitan's Nursing Service to policyholders eligible for this service. Last year, more than 3,100,000 nursing calls were made in over 7,500 American communities.

In short, the life insurance agent is more than a man who sells life insurance. More often than not, he is a career man, devoting his life to providing policyholders with the kind and amount of insurance protection they should have at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

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This is Number 42 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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▶ *Huckleberry Finn gets the Nobel Prize in Literature.*

SINCLAIR LEWIS

By Benjamin Stolberg

When Rebecca West, the well-known English writer, first met Sinclair Lewis, she was exhausted. "His talk is wonderful," she said, "but after five hours I ceased to look upon him as a human being. I could think of him only as a great natural force, like the aurora borealis."

Lewis takes no exercise, he plays no games, he has no hobbies. His main relaxation is his own talk. Even his silences seem like rest periods between torrential monologues. He goes on at top speed in a high, flat, midwestern voice, driven by a sort of *furor satiricus*. Yet his talk is curiously impersonal. It lacks all intimacy and is singularly free of private gossip or personal references. When now and then he does dwell on some personal problem, it sounds like a page from *Dodsworth* — for anyone to hear. Some comparative strangers have listened to what seemed very private revelations, until they realized that these revelations were not really private. They were merely stories of the tribulations and experiences of a character named Sinclair Lewis in a preposterous universe.

Lewis's conversation deals chiefly with the human fauna — its amusing or amazing customs, its gregarious imitativeness, its love of gadgets, its ridiculous fears and hopeless hopes and endless misunderstandings. Now and then he touches on its capacity for decency, even tragedy or heroism. But always he discusses this human fauna with the objective air of a natural scientist — in a constant stream of brilliant reporting, uproarious burlesque, superb mimicry, and shrewd, often wickedly shrewd, observation. He has a genius for making people remind one of human beings — just as monkeys do.

His usual method is to inflate the pompous, the trivial, the false, and then let some imaginary character do the deflating for him. And his characters are so preposterously lifelike because he has the gift of picking out, and pumping dry, their stereotypes in real life. Finally it dawns on the listener that it isn't talk at all; it's work. Lewis's

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discourses are the workouts of a great satirist. They are an expression of his perpetual obsession with the folkways of American life.

One afternoon three of us were sitting on the porch of his Vermont farmhouse, when a stranger drove up and introduced himself as Elmer Whoozit, the local representative in the state assembly. Immediately Lewis was galvanized.

"Why, hello," he said. "You're just the man I want to see; I'm thinking of going into politics myself. One of these days I may run against you."

"That's fine," grinned Mr. Whoozit. "I plan to run for the state senate this fall, and you can take my place. Sinclair Lewis succeeds Elmer Whoozit! Why, that's wonderful! Be glad to help you all I can."

The two of them promptly launched into the campaign. Under Lewis's hypnotic guidance, Elmer spilled all the tricks of local politics — whom to see, what to promise, what to avoid. We got the lowdown on the neighboring farmers, storekeepers, politicians. His vernacular was priceless.

With the greatest of ease Elmer Whoozit and Red Lewis got themselves elected. Then Lewis decided that Elmer mustn't get stuck in the senate. He must run for governor; and Lewis would succeed him in the senate. But only on one condition: the Whoozit-Lewis machine must reform the state. They would clean house, introduce the most enlightened legislation, turn Vermont into a model commonwealth. For just a moment Elmer hesitated, then he agreed. And he obliged us with a detailed, and quite cynical, analysis of the state machine, told us who's who and how they got that way and how to handle them.

Again Whoozit and Lewis were elected. Vermont became the most advanced state in the Union. The thing to do was to get the nation to catch up with it. And so Elmer went to the United States Senate, while Lewis followed him into the governor's mansion.

At last Elmer began teetering on the verge of the Presidency. Would Lewis back him up? Would he be willing to run for the Senate? Would he lend his genius toward making this country a *real* democracy? Elmer enlarged on national Republican politics, gave us his views on what this country needs. The scene was incredible, unforgettable. Here was a small-time politician unconsciously — even better: half-awarely — satirizing his own kind.

Finally Lewis got tired of the

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game. "Hell," he said, "who wants to be a senator? I should never have gone into politics in the first place." Later I met Elmer Whoozit again, fleetingly and in various disguises, in the works of his ephemeral political pal of that afternoon.

This episode sounds cruel. But it wasn't. It was a hilarious game in which we all partook. What Lewis really did was to get himself and Elmer so wound up that they couldn't stop, they had to go on vying with each other in the verisimilitude with which they enacted their rise in American politics. And in acting out his part, Elmer gave all he had as a professional politician. Lewis gets so fascinated with people, so excited by what interests them — and he is so assimilative — that he enters their world as one of them.

And yet he changes their world as he enters it. His personality acts as a catalytic agent which makes people type themselves, which often makes them lose their individuality just enough to seem like self-caricatures. The genius of satire has always been — from Aristophanes through Cervantes to Dickens — to turn man into the pathetic puppet of a senseless order. Lewis has the added gift of being a great stage manager who rehearses and directs his players.

It is the actor in Lewis that has given rise to the frequent but empty criticism that he himself is just a "glorified Babbitt." So he was — when he was writing *Babbitt.* His relation to Babbitt, indeed to his whole world of imagination, is very similar to Chaplin's relation to the Charlie Chaplin of the screen. Lewis is always impersonating his characters as he writes about them. He is himself the leading character in the world he has created, the first citizen in his own Republic of Lewisiana.

As a satirist, Lewis is completely in our great folk tradition. Like Artemus Ward, Finley Peter Dunne and Mark Twain, he is the eternal Huckleberry Finn — the irreverent adolescent who sees through the phony dignities and self-righteous cruelties of his village, yet is of the very marrow of the society he laughs at. Huck Finn is the spirit of self-criticism in Main Street, which is still the great American highway. He speaks for the Common Man of the frontier tradition, whose outlook on life has shaped our national mind. He lives in every American male who is not a stuffed shirt. He is the boy in Uncle Sam. And, come to think of it, all Sinclair Lewis needs to look like Uncle Sam is a goatee and a pair of striped pants.

And there is a lot of American

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memory in Sinclair Lewis. Each of his characters has a long background in our history. Who is Babbitt but the city slicker who first appeared in Ben Franklin's day? Elmer Gantry is but the streamlined version of the preacher as seen through the eyes of that most persistent American type, the village atheist. Arrowsmith is a lot more like the backwoods doctor who discovered anesthesia than the endowed researcher of the modern Foundation. And Doremus Jessup, the hero of *It Can't Happen Here*, stems directly from Tom Paine and Jefferson and Jackson.

This long American memory endows Lewis with a sixth sense for the changing moods of the indigenous mind. No other writer so immediately reflects the temper of the country, its characteristic reactions and its confusions, especially in the middle west, at any given moment. When I want to check on the Gallup or the Fortune polls, I go to see Red Lewis. He has an almost visceral reaction to the way the average American feels and thinks or thinks he thinks — on the New Deal, on the war, on almost any question of the day, questions of whose "ideologies" Mr. Lewis is as contemptuous as the average Iowa farmer or St. Paul garage mechanic.

Last summer Lewis was very angry with me for suggesting that Britain is our first line of defense. "Sure," he raged, "sure, the English are our first line of defense — ever since Valley Forge. And they anticipated the Monroe Doctrine by burning down Washington in 1812." Soon after the election — he voted for Roosevelt — he was for aid to Britain short of war, and still is. But should the country rapidly drift toward belligerency, he'll go with it. He moves with the Mississippi Valley. He doesn't change his mind — not any more than a thermometer changes its mind about the weather.

II

No one destined for Lewis's role in American letters could have chosen a better birthplace than Sauk Center, Minnesota, as it was over half a century ago. This small town of 2500 — one generation after Mark Twain's Hannibal, Missouri, and one generation before Lewis's Gopher Prairie — was a perfect sampler of provincial America. There Harry Sinclair Lewis was born on February 7, 1885, and there he spent his boyhood and his youth.

His father, Dr. Edwin J. Lewis, a Connecticut Yankee of Welsh an-

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cestry, had gone West from his native New Haven. Lewis described him to me as "very dignified, stern, rather soldierly, absolutely honest, and a fair to good country doctor." He speaks of his father rarely, with considerable respect and no affection. His Canadian-born mother, Emma Kermott, was of English stock, the daughter of a Civil War doctor. She died when "Harry" was a child, and he and his two brothers were brought up by the second Mrs. Lewis. One brother is a surgeon — "a damned good one" — and the other runs a small flour mill.

As a boy, Lewis was thin-skinned, gawky, shy, yet incessantly inquisitive about the life around him. He never missed a thing, then or now. His world of fantasy was always based on acute and avid observation. He wanted to go to Harvard — "so Father sent me to Yale." At Yale he felt himself an uncouth Westerner, a sort of yokel in the collegiate Smart Set. Since then Lewis has achieved great fame and real worldliness, yet his consciousness of Gopher Prairie has never left him. It helps explain why he is at once the most nagging critic (like Carol Kennicott) and the most patriotic defender (like Dr. Kennicott) of the real America, meaning to him middle west America.

At college he read enormously, as he still does, and wrote constantly — poems, stories, skits. He was one of the editors of the Yale *Literary Magazine*. In the summer of 1905, he began a novel, *The Village Virus*, which was the first draft of *Main Street*.

After his junior year, he got bored with Yale and worked his way to England on a cattle boat. Then he went to work as janitor at Upton Sinclair's cooperative colony, Helicon Hall, in Englewood, New Jersey. He was to work three hours a day and the rest of the time he was to live as a free citizen of Utopia. The place was full of crackpots — Early Christians, food faddists, anarchists and socialists of 57 varieties, with the usual contingent of plain frauds and loafers. Lewis, with his keen eye for human folly, saw through the place in no time. Above all, he was irritated by its "general sloppiness." Nobody did any work, except Upton Sinclair himself, who turned out an astonishing amount of copy on a diet of raw vegetables. Lewis is both industrious and fussily efficient. He worked sixteen hours a day just to keep the place in some state of repair. After a few weeks of Utopia, he had enough and never again has he taken this sort of escape radicalism seriously. From Helicon Hall

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he moved to the Gas House district on the lower East Side in New York, where he tried to do some free-lancing. That, too, didn't work out, and so he went back to Yale and took his degree in 1908.

The next few years he spent as a migratory worker in the writing trade, which he knows to perfection. Like Bernard Shaw, he is a shrewd businessman of letters. He began as a reporter in Waterloo, Iowa, then moved on to the San Francisco *Bulletin* under Fremont Older, then to the Associated Press. After that he worked on various monthlies, among them *Adventure Magazine*. Finally he rounded out his apprenticeship as editor and advertising manager for two publishers, Stokes and Doran. And all along, between jobs and during vacations, he rushed about the country in a flivver — absorbing, asking questions, making notes, and always writing.

Between 1914 and 1919 he published four novels. Two of them, *Our Mr. Wrenn* and *The Job*, received a good deal of attention. Meanwhile he had become a leading fiction writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was well on the way to success. But for years he had wanted to write a novel on the American small town, the novel he had begun as a sophomore at college. He borrowed $500 from his father and settled down to write *Main Street*. He expected it to sell 5000 copies. It sold over half a million. He was made, and enjoyed his success hugely.

During the next decade he wrote *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry* and *Dodsworth*.

After *Elmer Gantry*, Lewis decided to write a novel on a labor leader. With his usual energy he plunged into the subject. He read vastly, went to union meetings, met hundreds of labor leaders, experts, rank-and-filers. But after working for over a year, he dropped the whole idea and wrote *Dodsworth*.

I think he gave up the labor novel because he discovered that a labor leader is the creature of a social movement and Lewis has no flair for social or economic theories. It is one thing to satirize an address by George F. Babbitt before the Boosters' Club or to follow the reactions of Doremus Jessup to Fascism. It is quite another matter to reproduce a speech by William Green or John L. Lewis. Their speeches and policies and deeds are not in themselves right or wrong, wise or foolish, shrewd or ridiculous. One has to gauge them in reference to a movement and its place in a great society. In short, a

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labor novel is an ideological as well as a literary enterprise. And Lewis is not an intellectual; his pet aversion are the "highbrows." His genius lies in his allergy to the pretentious and cruel and absurd. He knows as no one else the detail of American life, but he cannot tell you what it all adds up to. Hence the curiously photographic, two-dimensional flatness of the world he has created. His books are great literature because they form a superb satirical film library of American behavior. They do not explain contemporary history.

It is partly his anti-intellectual bias which has broken up his marriage with Dorothy Thompson. Brilliant and craving intellectual stimulation, Miss Thompson is surrounded by professors, experts, writers and near-writers, more or less distinguished refugees. Her home is a salon for professional intellectuals. Conversation is full of social problems and prophecies. Lewis can't stand such talk. It makes him restless and cantankerous. He enjoys greatly the company of scholars, especially of scientists; he loves to pump them for specific information. But chronic, serious tummy-aching he considers a disease. Nothing is a funnier and more devastating spectacle than to watch Lewis go after some pretentious "highbrow." With his mordant intelligence, his vast factual information and his murderous felicity, he can mess up a phony intellectual in no time flat. With his usual acumen, he never attacks anyone who really knows his stuff.

Lewis has half a dozen old friends, among them Carl Van Doren, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Harrison Smith, the publisher. They are all interested in ideas, but also in people, fun, good talk, in anything that may come up. They want nothing from him; they are not interested in his fame or in his personal problems except as he wishes to discuss them. And he feels safe in their company, for none of them solves the problems of the world.

Like so many Americans, Lewis is at once gregarious and lonely. He is constantly surrounded by all sorts of people, new "friends," whose turnover is complete every few months. Among them are always a number of obvious hangers-on, who exploit him. For he is generous, both in money matters and in fleeting enthusiasms for third-rate talent.

III

In his drive and instinct for workmanship Lewis is a good deal like

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Arrowsmith, obsessed with the task in hand. Before he chose "Babbitt" he collected hundreds of likely names on slips of paper. He maps out not only the plots but the locale of his books. For *Elmer Gantry* he waded through dozens of tomes of denominational literature. His research for every book would stagger a good-sized and very competent graduate faculty. When he finally gets down to writing, he works from about seven in the morning until ten at night, with time out only for brief and silent meals and a nap in the afternoon.

His erudition in American customs, codes, in regional folkways and vernacular, is unrivaled. Lewis is really a great anthropologist, working among his own people instead of among Fiji Islanders. In restaurants, taxis, night clubs, trains, wherever he goes, he is everlastingly asking questions, and he is even more interested in his informants than he is in their information. For, unlike most anthropologists, he never permits the natives to pull his leg. He is more indigenous than they are.

In his outlook on life Lewis is more Dodsworth than Arrowsmith. *Dodsworth* is a profoundly autobiographical novel. Dodsworth's marriage with Fran is a fictionalized version of Lewis's own first marriage with Grace Hegger Lewis, now the Countess Casanova. Dodsworth is sensitive, candid, generous, shrewd, yet strongly sentimental about common decency, common sense and the ordinary virtues. Lewis's caustic streak often sharpens into malice and — for all his vitality — he is impersonal to the point of coldness. Otherwise, Dodsworth is an excellent emotional and moral self-revelation.

In 1927 Lewis scornfully refused the Pulitzer Prize awarded to *Arrowsmith*. He was pretty sarcastic and derogatory. A howl went up that he refused $1000 to grab publicity worth many times that much. Maybe so. Certainly few people can touch him in his instinct for publicity. But the fact remains that what he said about the Pulitzer Prizes on that occasion he had said — rightly or wrongly — many times before. He thinks literary prizes are more or less a racket.

In 1930, however, he did accept the Nobel Prize in Literature. He was the first American to get it. I saw him a few hours after he was notified and he was as happy and excited as a boy. His gratification was more patriotic than personal. For under his perpetual spoofing of and nagging at these United States, he has a very simple love of country. "Red is nuts about America,"

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Dorothy Thompson once summed it up.

But when he delivered his acceptance address in Stockholm, he characteristically let loose a hornet's nest. He raised hell with the stuffy, timid, Puritanical tradition of American letters. Our literary taste, he declared, has been set mainly by such "pious old maids" as William Dean Howells. He went after the American Academy of Arts and Letters, whose invitation to membership he had refused a few months before. The Academy, he raged, did not represent American literature — "only Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Whereupon he began dragging down, by name, the venerables of the Academy and put in their niches a job lot of "younger" writers, whom he also named, and for all of whom he rashly expressed "every hope and every eager belief."

Much of what he said is true and most of it had been said before with greater critical discernment. He wrecked his point by his indiscriminate indictment of the older writers and by his even more indiscriminate praise of the "younger generation," a number of whom were, as a matter of fact, middle-aged hacks with a phony "realism." To dismiss Howells, who had a great deal to say in spite of his timidity, in order to enthrone Mike Gold, gutter-columnist and political pornographer of the *Daily Worker*, makes no sense. Lewis's Nobel Prize address merely showed that a great novelist may be a poor critic, and that the world of ideas is not his forte.

Like all writers of fiction, Lewis found the 1930's hard creative going. Periods of confusion and shifting values fail to provide a stable enough background for the emergence of fictional characters. To be sure, some momentarily distinguished reputations were made during the depression. And there were plenty of literary fads and rackets, always a symptom of social chaos. An especially sorry lot of fakers were the so-called "proletarian" writers, who got their "working class" heroes from the Communist swindle, and whose main contact with American labor was among the penthouse Bolsheviks.

Lewis is too great and honest to fall for this sort of stuff. But his work during the depression era did not touch the high quality of his earlier work, and for an excellent reason. Lewis's insight into American life comes from his sensitiveness to the surfaces of American society, from his keen sight, acute hearing, his great mimic gifts. The

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1930's were dark and cloudy and torn by a welter of new and strange ideas. Even so, it was Lewis who wrote two of the more significant novels of that period — *It Can't Happen Here* and *Prodigal Parents*. They are significant precisely because they expressed the painful doubts and confusions of the American mind at that time — doubts and confusions which Lewis, with his seismographic sensitiveness to this mind, obviously shared. In these books he shows, without resolving, the dilemma of the average American — decent, democratic, well-meaning — when confronted by the nightmare of the fascist and communist mentality.

IV

The preparation of Lewis's last book, *Bethel Merriday*, which deals with the career of a young actress, drew him into the theater. He started in his usual way to gather all the material he could about the stage, and soon became part of it. He wrote two plays, *Jayhawker* (with Lloyd Lewis) and *Angela Is Twenty-Two*, a May-December romance, in which he played the part of December. He acted in other shows all over the country. He also dramatized Dodsworth (with the late Sidney Howard) and *It Can't Happen Here*, which was put on simultaneously in twenty-one cities by the Federal Theater Project.

The Germans wanted to produce *Dodsworth* and asked Lewis and Howard to prove their Aryan purity. The authors regretfully notified Dr. Goebbels that their "real names" were Levy and Horowitz.

His plays and the filming of his best-known books have contributed greatly to Lewis's popularity. The public followed his brief career on the stage with affectionate amusement. His new books continue to be on the best seller lists. He still rushes about the country, turning up in New Orleans or Kokomo or Omaha, busily inquisitive. The reporters like him. They feel he is one of them and he is excellent copy. His observations are irreverent, uproarious, and astute. Once he was unexpectedly met by a flock of newsmen. "No," he yelled before they could say a word, "no, I don't know what t'hell this country needs." Before the last campaign he came out for Dorothy Thompson for President. "I hope she is elected," he told the press. "Then I can syndicate a column called 'My Day.'"

More and more Lewis's position can be compared with that of Mark Twain in his day. Like Mark Twain, he is not only a literary

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celebrity but a national character: the American people have made the world of his imagination part of their folklore. They realize that this world is an uncannily lifelike and maliciously affectionate take-off on an era which has been gradually passing into a far more ominous epoch, but in Lewis's satirical felicity they recognize some deeply permanent traits of the national character. Again, as in the case of Mark Twain, the American people have disregarded the highfalutin' criticisms of the more esoteric *literati*, who dismiss Lewis as a "mere journalist." Great satirists are also great journalists; they deal primarily with the social trials and absurdities of man as a type, the house-broken animal of a culture, rather than with the private fates and furies of the individual soul.

Less intellectual than Mark, Lewis is far more courageous. His vision is not so deep but more extensive. His wit is less penetrating but more hilarious. Mark became a satirical hypochondriac, who gave up all hope for the human race. Lewis is a satirical Diogenes, whose lantern is a newsreel camera. But both, Mark and Red, are great folk satirists in the same American tradition.

In 1936 Yale gave her *enfant terrible* an honorary Litt.D. Two years later, Lewis quietly accepted membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. "I write . . . to express my feelings of honor at being elected to the AAAL." Like Mark Twain, this firebrand has been somewhat tamed by the respectables. If we have a grand old man of letters at all, it is this still-youthful, tall, brass-haired Yankee from Minnesota, who got the Nobel Prize at King Gustave's Court.

HISTORY OF A MORALIST

By moral force alone he sought to urge
A tiger from a feast.
But from the contest all we saw emerge
Was one chop-licking beast.

— STANTON A. COBLENTZ

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COLLEGES GEAR FOR DEFENSE

By Benjamin Fine

A million college and university students are ready this month to take part in a national defense program unprecedented in the annals of American education. Curricula list dozens of new subjects related specifically to the national emergency and draft-age men will be able to cover the courses in three years instead of the traditional four. To returning upperclassmen and enrolling freshmen, the campus will present a changed face. Significant experiments related to war will be under way in laboratories and research bureaus. Prominent professors and department heads will be involved elsewhere in emergency jobs. Men's dormitories may be turned over to women. Everywhere students will find themselves working in an atmosphere charged with the electric movement of world events.

Virtually every college has formed a defense council to coordinate its war program. Thus far the spirit of hysteria and flag-waving has been avoided; the colleges have adopted an attitude of grim realism. Typical of the new spirit is a rising clamor for more ROTC units. Only a few years ago, pacifists and left-wing agitators on the campus conducted a campaign of invective and ridicule against students who joined these outfits. Men in uniform were frequently booed and hissed. But last year, the War Department supported officer-training units in 137 colleges and universities, with an enrollment of 126,000 students, and now 118 other institutions have urged the Army to establish units on their campuses. Temporarily, however, the government does not expect to fill the requests.

The campus will aid defense in a practical way through scientific research. A rich reservoir of valuable laboratory materials exists on every campus and it will be exploited. Through the National Research Defense Committee, headed by noted scientists and educators, every college has been allocated a definite research project. On the steel-and-bullets side, chemists and physicists are experimenting with

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explosives, gases, powders and compounds which may play an important role in defense. In the preventive field, a significant example is the work of two Wheaton College chemists who hope to find a substitute for quinine, in the event our supply from the Dutch East Indies is cut off.

Engineering and technical colleges, naturally, will show the greatest activity. Last year, the Federal Government allocated nine million dollars to the United States Commissioner of Education to establish a series of short courses in engineering on the campuses and the engineering colleges consequently became centers of defense industry. During that year, 144 colleges and universities trained 137,656 men and women, in addition to regular students. So important is this work that the Government has granted another $17,500,000 for the coming year. Commissioner John W. Studebaker estimates that when the production peaks are reached in 1943, endowment for the program will total a hundred million dollars.

The Government has poured out more money for vocational training on the secondary level. At least a million men have enrolled for defense study to date; 200,000 have completed their courses and been placed in industry. Compared with the school record of 1917–18, when training was provided for only 60,000 men, the present high-gear activity on the American campus cannot be encouraging to Hitler.

The new order has brought about major changes, some of them undoubtedly permanent. The draft, for example, last year gave students blanket deferment but now excuses only those studying engineering, medicine, dentistry, aviation, science or related fields in technical and vocational schools and, as a result, the loss in enrollment may mean bankruptcy for some small institutions. To offset this condition, three-year programs offered by nearly 500 colleges will encourage young men (particularly the 18-year-olds) to complete their college work before they are eligible for Army service. That means a three-term year and an opportunity for the colleges to use their buildings, laboratories and research departments continuously. Christmas and Easter holidays may be halved, courses are planned for Saturdays and students face a generally heavier schedule. Implied in these changes is the toppling of long-honored traditions. Extra-curricular activities and social functions are certain to be drastically revised. The tempo of academic

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life this year will be rapid; it is serious business now for Joe College and Betty Co-ed.

Women's colleges are out to match male accomplishments. They are already raising money for Great Britain, while their students prepare for nursing service and learn how to do constructive work in emergency situations. Girls put on overalls, drive trucks and busses, and tackle willingly all kinds of difficult problems.

Wellesley College has organized a student workroom for war relief. Garments made there by the girls have been sent to England, along with a rolling kitchen paid for by students who gave up dinner dessert one day a week. To its courses in household mechanics, automobile and ambulance driving, Russell Sage College has added one in mail censorship because, as President J. L. Meader explains, "we learned that in England today thousands of women are opening and censoring the mail."

At Barnard College the National Service Committee has begun a series of voluntary service courses designed to make students "more useful to the state and to the community." Students get instruction in first aid, motor transport, diet and canteen, semi-skilled industrial and office work. They also learn to interpret aerial photographs, as preparation for apprenticeship with the Air Force, the Department of Agriculture and industrial organizations. Wilson College offers its women students a first-aid course, under the sponsorship of a licensed physician, and a series of forums on international relations. One campus building at Wheaton College has been changed from a recreation hall into a sewing center, which really symbolizes the change in emphasis.

Defense activity ranges broadly on somewhat the same scale through other women's colleges. Keuka College has added courses in home hygiene, first aid, emergency rationing, emergency recreational and leisure time leadership, and personal relationships in national emergency. A Committee for National Defense has been formed at Wells College to sponsor a defense program on the campus and a Red Cross home nursing course has been established. The political science department at Mount Holyoke College will offer a course on the "political principles and problems underlying the present world crisis." The curriculum also lists specific training for defense work in geology, geography, chemistry, physics, physiology, philosophy and zoology.

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II

The program is pitched to a higher degree in the men's and co-educational institutions but the "defense spirit" pervades every campus, liberal arts and technical colleges alike. A study of 100 representative colleges and universities, recently completed by E. D. Whittlesey, research director of the American College Publicity Association, disclosed that ninety-nine have committees or special activities devoted to defense.

Antioch College has made available its research and development facilities at the Antioch Foundry. In cooperation with General Motors, it is erecting a new building for foundry work. At Massachusetts State College, the students will prepare for a variety of wartime occupations: research in food conservation, conservation of textiles, chemistry, bacteriology, civil engineering, lumber, pulp and paper.

Harvard University has established the Harvard Public Health Unit for the study of communicable diseases in England. Valuable medical aid will be given the English people — and then to this country, if the emergency becomes acute. A state-wide study of nutrition problems "in anticipation of future conditions which might arise from the present emergency" is under way at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. A six-point training program has been established at Northwestern University to develop naval officers, aviators, doctors and dentists, signal corps officers, administrative and Red Cross workers, and technicians in chemical and ordnance work.

Western Reserve University has sixty-three courses of college grade "for the preparation of business personnel in fields important to the national defense program." Basic and complete training for service in the Dental Corps, Medical Corps, Nursing Corps and Air Service, as well as vocational testing, ordnance work, business administration, pharmacy and war economics is stressed.

Many of Columbia University's faculty, including Dean Joseph W. Barker of the School of Engineering, and Dr. J. Enrique Zanetti, director of the chemical laboratories at the University, have been called to Washington. New courses have been added to the Columbia curriculum. This summer the equivalent of a year's study in statistics was given in six weeks, a course planned to fulfill the statistical requirements for many Civil Service jobs and in-

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spection positions in defense production industries. A ten weeks' course in advanced metallurgy will be given this autumn to acquaint engineers in defense industries with modern alloy substitutes for basic metals in which a shortage now exists or is imminent. Tuition-free courses in the chemistry of explosives and metallurgical inspection are also offered.

New York University will offer courses in the fields of aeronautics and engineering, management and government relations, civil and military relations, occupational and physical therapy, civilian training for defense and home service, and the economics of war. The Graduate School plans courses in the fields of ballistics and optics.

Seven new defense courses are on the list at Dartmouth College: map interpretation, mathematics for military service, electronics, tests and measurements for military personnel, modern war strategy, power politics and democratic thought. In addition, evening defense courses for qualified undergraduates will be given by the engineering and business schools. A 22-hour-a-day program has been instituted at Illinois State Normal. Cooperating with the Civil Aeronautics Authority in the training of civilian pilots, the college offers ground school work in meteorology, navigation, civil air regulations and theory of flight. Actual flying is taught at near-by Bloomington Municipal Airport.

Some colleges run double and triple sessions to speed up their engineering departments. The Mechanics Institute at Rochester operates on a 24-hour basis. Courses in airport design, aluminum metallurgy and fire prevention engineering have been introduced at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The University of Michigan gives courses in aircraft power plants, explosives, foundations and underground construction, and highway engineering. At Pennsylvania State College a student can get courses in ordnance inspection, pyrometry, production control, physical metallurgy and machine design.

Despite strict entrance requirements, airplane courses are extremely popular. At the University of Colorado there are ten times as many applicants for primary aviation training as can be accommodated — thirty students were chosen from 300 applicants. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that the young American student is not afraid to work on any phase of the defense program; in fact, it would appear that the more difficult and dangerous the

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job, the more eager he is to volunteer his services.

Since men and women are asked to work for democracy, and possibly to die for it, the colleges have sensibly concluded that students should study the meaning of the word. Hundreds of colleges have introduced courses in democracy wherein the specific applications of citizenship training are stressed. For too long, educators are saying, colleges have taken for granted the concept of the democratic way of life in this country. Now they are holding conferences on the subject, exploring all its possibilities, striving to find an answer to the question: "How can we make democracy more effective here?"

As a parallel to this undertaking, the colleges emphasize the importance of good-neighbor relations with South America. Institutes and special symposiums on inter-American affairs are scheduled by schools from one end of the country to the other. Courses in Spanish have long been established on the campus; now the study of Portuguese, native language of Brazil, has been added. The state universities of Alabama, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin, in addition to Butler University and the universities of Chicago and Harvard, are among the first to introduce this language study.

Obviously, some colleges will cooperate energetically in the defense program from less than altruistic aims. In certain instances, they have taken advantage of the crisis to expand their facilities and add to their capital investments. Competition for students is keen and the college publicity men are not missing a trick. For the first time in many years, Federal money is available and there is an eager scramble to share in the division.

But by and large, the colleges are sincere in their enthusiastic attempts to aid the nation in this emergency. National defense has taken over the campus and it is there to stay until democracy is no longer endangered. For the duration, the colleges will be an American workshop where the tools of freedom and democracy are forged by eager hands.

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THE ANATOMY OF LONELINESS

By Thomas Wolfe

My life, more than that of anyone I know, has been spent in solitude and wandering. Why this is true, or how it happened, I cannot say; yet it is so. From my fifteenth year — save for a single interval — I have lived about as solitary a life as a modern man can have. I mean by this that the number of hours, days, months, and years that I have spent alone has been immense and extraordinary. I propose, therefore, to describe the experience of human loneliness exactly as I have known it.

The reason that impels me to do this is not that I think my knowledge of loneliness different in kind from that of other men. Quite the contrary. The whole conviction of my life now rests upon the belief that loneliness, far from being a rare and curious phenomenon, peculiar to myself and to a few other solitary men, is the central and inevitable fact of human existence. When we examine the moments, acts, and statements of all kinds of people — not only the grief and ecstasy of the greatest poets, but also the huge unhappiness of the average soul, as evidenced by the innumerable strident words of abuse, hatred, contempt, mistrust, and scorn that forever grate upon our ears as the manswarm passes us in the streets — we find, I think, that they are all suffering from the same thing. The final cause of their complaint is loneliness.

But if my experience of loneliness has not been different in kind from that of other men, I suspect it has been sharper in intensity. This gives me the best authority in the world to write of this, our general complaint, for I believe I know more about it than anyone of my generation. In saying this, I am merely stating a fact as I see it, though I realize that it may sound like arrogance or vanity. But before anyone jumps to that conclusion, let him consider how strange it would be to meet with arrogance in one who has lived alone as much as I. The surest cure for vanity is loneliness. For, more than other men, we who dwell in

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the heart of solitude are always the victims of self-doubt. Forever and forever in our loneliness, shameful feelings of inferiority will rise up suddenly to overwhelm us in a poisonous flood of horror, disbelief, and desolation, to sicken and corrupt our health and confidence, to spread pollution at the very root of strong, exultant joy. And the eternal paradox of it is that if a man is to know the triumphant labor of creation, he must for long periods resign himself to loneliness, and suffer loneliness to rob him of the health, the confidence, the belief and joy which are essential to creative work.

To live alone as I have lived, a man should have the confidence of God, the tranquil faith of a monastic saint, the stern impregnability of Gibraltar. Lacking these, there are times when anything, everything, all or nothing, the most trivial incidents, the most casual words, can in an instant strip me of my armor, palsy my hand, constrict my heart with frozen horror, and fill by bowels with the gray substance of shuddering impotence.

Sometimes it is nothing but a shadow passing on the sun; sometimes nothing but the torrid milky light of August, or the naked, sprawling ugliness and squalid decencies of streets in Brooklyn fading in the weary vistas of that milky light and evoking the intolerable misery of countless drab and nameless lives. Sometimes it is just the barren horror of raw concrete, or the heat blazing on a million beetles of machinery darting through the torrid streets, or the cindered weariness of parking spaces, or the slamming smash and racket of the El, or the driven man-swarm of the earth, thrusting on forever in exacerbated fury, going nowhere in a hurry.

Again, it may be just a phrase, a look, a gesture. It may be the cold, disdainful inclination of the head with which a precious, kept, exquisite princeling of Park Avenue acknowledges an introduction, as if to say: "You are nothing." Or it may be a sneering reference and dismissal by a critic in a high-class weekly magazine. Or a letter from a woman saying I am lost and ruined, my talent vanished, all my efforts false and worthless — since I have forsaken the truth, vision, and reality which are so beautifully her own.

And sometimes it is less than these — nothing I can touch or see or hear or definitely remember. It may be so vague as to be a kind of hideous weather of the soul, subtly compounded of all the hun-

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ger, fury, and impossible desire my life has ever known. Or, again, it may be a half-forgotten memory of the cold wintry red of waning Sunday afternoons in Cambridge, and of a pallid, sensitive, esthetic face that held me once in earnest discourse on such a Sunday afternoon in Cambridge, telling me that all my youthful hopes were pitiful delusions and that all my life would come to naught, and the red and waning light of March was reflected on the pallid face with a desolate impotence that instantly quenched all the young ardors of my blood.

Beneath the evocations of these lights and weathers, and the cold, disdainful words of precious, sneering, and contemptuous people, all of the joy and singing of the day goes out like an extinguished candle, hope seems lost to me forever, and every truth that I have ever found and known seems false. At such a time the lonely man will feel that all the evidence of his own senses has betrayed him, and that nothing really lives and moves on earth but creatures of the death-in-life — those of the cold, constricted heart and the sterile loins, who exist forever in the red waning light of March and Sunday afternoon.

All this hideous doubt, despair, and dark confusion of the soul a lonely man must know, for he is united to no image save that which he creates himself, he is bolstered by no other knowledge save that which he can gather for himself with the vision of his own eyes and brain. He is sustained and cheered and aided by no party, he is given comfort by no creed, he has no faith in him except his own. And often that faith deserts him, leaving him shaken and filled with impotence. And then it seems to him that his life has come to nothing, that he is ruined, lost, and broken past redemption, and that morning — bright, shining morning, with its promise of new beginnings — will never come upon the earth again as it did once.

He knows that dark time is flowing by him like a river. The huge, dark wall of loneliness is around him now. It encloses and presses in upon him, and he cannot escape. And the cancerous plant of memory is feeding at his entrails, recalling hundreds of forgotten faces and ten thousand vanished days, until all life seems as strange and insubstantial as a dream. Time flows by him like a river, and he waits in his little room like a creature held captive by an evil spell. And he will hear, far off, the murmurous drone of the great earth, and feel that he has been forgotten,

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that his powers are wasting from him while the river flows, and that all his life has come to nothing. He feels that his strength is gone, his power withered, while he sits there drugged and fettered in the prison of his loneliness.

Then suddenly, one day, for no apparent reason, his faith and his belief in life will come back to him in a tidal flood. It will rise up in him with a jubilant and invincible power, bursting a window in the world's great wall and restoring everything to shapes of deathless brightness. Made miraculously whole and secure in himself, he will plunge once more into the triumphant labor of creation. All his old strength is his again: he knows what he knows, he is what he is, he has found what he has found. And he will say the truth that is in him, speak it though the whole world deny it, affirm it though a million men cry it is false.

At such a moment of triumphant confidence, with this feeling in me, I dare now assert that I have known Loneliness as well as any man, and will now write of him as if he were my very brother, which he is. I will paint him for you with such fidelity to his true figure that no man who reads will ever doubt his visage when Loneliness comes to him hereafter.

II

The most tragic, sublime, and beautiful expression of human loneliness which I have ever read is the Book of Job; the grandest and most philosophical, Ecclesiastes. Here I must point out a fact which is so much at variance with everything I was told as a child concerning loneliness and the tragic underweft of life that, when I first discovered it, I was astounded and incredulous, doubting the overwhelming weight of evidence that had revealed it to me. But there it was, as solid as a rock, not to be shaken or denied; and as the years passed, the truth of this discovery became part of the structure of my life.

The fact is this: the lonely man, who is also the tragic man, is invariably the man who loves life dearly — which is to say, the joyful man. In these statements there is no paradox whatever. The one condition implies the other, and makes it necessary. The essence of human tragedy is in loneliness, not in conflict, no matter what the arguments of the theater may assert. And just as the great tragic writer (I say, "the tragic writer" of tragedies," for certain nations, the Roman and French among them, have had no great tragic writers, for Virgil and Racine were

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none, but rather great writers of tragedy): just as the great tragic writer — Job, Sophocles, Dante, Milton, Swift, Dostoevski — has always been the lonely man, so has he also been the man who loved life best and had the deepest sense of joy. The real quality and substance of human joy is to be found in the works of these great tragic writers as nowhere else in all the records of man's life upon the earth. In proof of this, I can give here one conclusive illustration:

In my childhood, any mention of the Book of Job evoked instantly in my mind a long train of gloomy, gray, and unbrokenly dismal associations. This has been true, I suspect, with most of us. Such phrases as "Job's comforter," and "the patience of Job," and "the afflictions of Job," have become part of our common idiom and are used to refer to people whose woes seem uncountable and unceasing, who have suffered long and silently, and whose gloom has never been interrupted by a ray of hope or joy. All these associations had united to make for me a picture of the Book of Job that was grim, bleak, and constant in its misery. But any reader of intelligence and experience who has read that great book in his mature years will realize how false such a picture is.

For the Book of Job, far from being dreary, gray, and dismal, is woven entire, more than any single piece of writing I can recall, from the sensuous, flashing, infinitely various, and gloriously palpable material of great poetry; and it wears at the heart of its tremendous chant of everlasting sorrow the exulting song of everlasting joy.

In this there is nothing strange or curious, but only what is inevitable and right. It is the sense of death and loneliness, the knowledge of the brevity of his days, and the huge impending burden of his sorrow, growing always, never lessening, that makes joy glorious, tragic, and unutterably previous to a man like Job. Beauty comes and passes, is lost the moment that we touch it, can no more be stayed or held than one can stay the flowing of a river. Out of this pain of loss, this bitter ecstasy of brief having, this fatal glory of the single moment, the tragic writer will therefore make a song for joy. That, at least, he may keep and treasure always. And his song is full of grief because he knows that joy is fleeting, gone the instant that we have it, and that is why it is so precious, gaining its full glory from the very things that limit and destroy it.

He knows that joy gains its glory out of sorrow, bitter sorrow, and

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man's loneliness, and that it is haunted always with the certainty of death, dark death, which stops our tongues, our eyes, our living breath, with the twin oblivions of dust and nothingness. Therefore a man like Job will make a chant for sorrow, too, but it will still be a song for joy as well, and one more strange and beautiful than any other that man has ever sung:

> Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
>
> Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.
>
> He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.
>
> He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.
>
> The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.
>
> He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
>
> He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

That is joy — joy solemn and triumphant; stern, lonely, everlasting joy, which has in it the full depth and humility of man's wonder, his sense of glory, and his feeling of awe before the mystery of the universe. An exultant cry is torn from our lips as we read the lines about that glorious horse, and the joy we feel is wild and strange, lonely and dark like death, and grander than the delicate and lovely joy that men like Herrick and Theocritus described, great poets though they were.

III

Just as the Book of Job and the sermon of Ecclesiastes are, each in its own way, supreme histories of man's loneliness, so do all the books of the Old Testament, in their entirety, provide the most final and profound literature of human loneliness that the world has known. It is astonishing with what a coherent unity of spirit and belief the life of loneliness is recorded in those many books — how it finds its full expression in the chants, songs, prophesies, and chronicles of so many men, all so various, and each so individual, each revealing some new image of man's secret and most lonely heart, and all combining to produce a single image of his loneliness that is matchless in its grandeur and magnificence.

The total, all-contributary unity of this conception of man's loneliness in the books of the Old Testament becomes even more astonishing when we begin to read the New. For, just as the Old Testament becomes the chronicle of the

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life of loneliness, the gospels of the New Testament, with the same miraculous and unswerving unity, become the chronicle of the life of love. What Christ is saying always, what he never swerves from saying, what he says a thousand times and in a thousand different ways, but always with a central unity of belief, is this: "I am my Father's son, and you are my brothers." And the unity that binds us all together, that makes this earth a family, and all men brothers and the sons of God, is love.

The central purpose of Christ's life, therefore, is to destroy the life of loneliness and to establish here on earth the life of love. It should be obvious to everyone that when Christ says: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," — Christ is not here extolling the qualities of humility, sorrow and mercy as virtues sufficient in themselves, but he promises to men who have these virtues the richest reward that men were ever offered — a reward that promises not only the inheritance of the earth, but the kingdom of heaven as well.

Such was the final intention of Christ's life, the purpose of his teaching. And its total import was that the life of loneliness could be destroyed forever by the life of love. Or such, at least, has been the meaning which I read into his life. For in these recent years when I have lived alone so much, and known loneliness so well, I have gone back many times and read the story of this man's words and life to see if I could find in them a meaning for myself, a way of life that would be better than the one I had. I read what he had said, not in a mood of piety or holiness, not from a sense of sin, a feeling of contrition, or because his promise of a heavenly reward meant very much to me. But I tried to read his bare words nakedly and simply, as it seems to me he must have uttered them, and as I have read the words of other men — of Homer, Donne, and Whitman, and the writer of Ecclesiastes — and if the meaning I have put upon his words seems foolish or extravagant, childishly simple or banal, mine alone are no different from what ten million other men have thought, I have only set it down here as I saw it, felt it, found it for myself, and have tried to add, subtract, and alter nothing.

And now I know that though the way and meaning of Christ's life is a far, far better way and meaning

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than my own, yet I can never make it mine; and I think that this is true of all the other lonely men that I have seen or known about — the nameless, voiceless, faceless atoms of this earth as well as Job and Everyman and Swift. And Christ himself, who preached the life of love, was yet as lonely as any man that ever lived. Yet I could not say that he was mistaken because he preached the life of love and fellowship, and lived and died in loneliness; nor would I dare assert his way was wrong because a billion men have since professed his way and never followed it.

I can only say that I could not make his way my own. For I have found the constant, everlasting weather of man's life to be, not love, but loneliness. Love itself is not the weather of our lives. It is the rare, the precious flower. Sometimes it is the flower that gives us life, that breaches the dark walls of all our loneliness and restores us to the fellowship of life, the family of the earth, the brotherhood of man. But sometimes love is the flower that brings us death; and from it we get pain and darkness; and the mutilations of the soul, the maddening of the brain, may be in it.

How or why or in what way the flower of love will come to us, whether with life or death, triumph or defeat, joy or madness, no man on this earth can say. But I know that at the end, forever at the end for us — the houseless, homeless, doorless, driven wanderers of life, the lonely men — there waits forever the dark visage of our comrade, Loneliness.

But the old refusals drop away, the old avowals stand — and we who were dead have risen, we who were lost are found again, and we who sold the talent, the passion, and belief of youth into the keeping of the fleshless dead, until our hearts were corrupted, our talent wasted, and our hope gone, have won our lives back bloodily, in solitude and darkness; and we know that things will be for us as they have been, and we see again, as we saw once, the image of the shining city. Far flung, and blazing into tiers of jeweled lights, it burns forever in our vision as we walk the Bridge, and strong tides are bound round it, and the great ships call. And we walk the Bridge, always we walk the Bridge alone with you, stern friend, the one to whom we speak, who never failed us. Hear:

"Loneliness forever and the earth again! Dark brother and stern friend, immortal face of darkness and of night, with whom the half part of my life was spent, and with whom I shall abide now till my

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death forever — what is there for me to fear as long as you are with me? Heroic friend, blood-brother of my life, dark face — have we not gone together down a million ways, have we not coursed together the great and furious avenues of night, have we not crossed the stormy seas alone, and known strange lands, and come again to walk the continent of night and listen to the silence of the earth? Have we not been brave and glorious when we were together, friend? Have we not known triumph, joy, and glory on this earth — and will it not be again with me as it was then, if you come back to me? Come to me, brother, in the watches of the night.

Come to me in the secret and most silent heart of darkness. Come to me as you always came, bringing to me again the old invincible strength, the deathless hope, the triumphant joy and confidence that will storm the earth again."

THE POEM

Over the paper's snowy field
Pursue the wavered line and scroll.
Interpreted, the spoor will yield
The little footprints of the soul.

But not for you the loveliness
That turns and doubles with such cunning:
It is enough to follow, guess
The sort of creature that is running.

— Yetza Gillespie

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SAY A FIRST GOODBYE

A Story

By George Willis

They sat securely alone inside, and around and about them swept the tides of chaotic uncertainties. She was sitting at one end of the little table in the kitchenette, smiling at him with her blue eyes twinkling as she ate.

Her feet were hooked in the rung of the chair, pointed together in little girl fashion, and they were happy on his Sunday afternoon as the bright sun streamed in through the window. It didn't hurt his eyes as much as usual because he didn't have quite as big a hangover.

He had just kissed her, as he always did before eating in her apartment, and he was still letting the touch remain before he began eating. He had insisted on the kiss; had made it a ritual because you had to have some sort of tradition around the house.

When they went out to eat, as they did frequently except when the band in which he worked rehearsed afternoons, he kissed her with his eyes.

"Put down your fork a minute," he said, "I've got something to do."

She put it down with a dutiful clatter and leaned over to him. "There. Now eat your dinner or I'll think you don't like my cooking."

Today it was meat loaf and escalloped potatoes and that meant it was his Sunday. He would rather eat meat loaf and escalloped potatoes, or maybe baked potatoes, than anything else you could name.

But meat loaf, or anything else, tasted better with the touch of her mouth lingering, and the faint fragrance of her cleanliness, and the scent of her hair still high in his nostrils.

He leaned over; she simulated absorption in her food, and then all at once he managed to catch her eye and she burst out laughing.

He sobered her with another kiss. There might have been a world outside, there might be strife and unrest, and unreasoning jealousies, frustration, disillusion swirling

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about other people and clouding the clear panes of their eyes, but not here.

"I love you," he said, and before she could pay the fee for that there was a knock on the door demanding her. It was the telephone.

She got up, kissed him lightly and said, "I'll be back, Rusty."

He could hear the familiar tic, tic-tic toc, tic-toc of her heels in the rapid flam rhythm she never varied. The way she went downstairs.

Of course she would be back, and so there was nothing to do but go on living until she did. Her leaving always left him desolate, and at the bottom there was the fear that sometime when she went out of the room she would not come back and he would not be able to find her. Like Alice in the Looking Glass.

This insane fear had haunted him constantly, and the feeling of being unbearably alone when she was not there, and the fear that some silly little thing would some day ruin it; or they would wake up one day and find it over.

In this middle part of the twentieth century, when a girl's parents not only disapprove of you personally, but dislike your work when it happens to be playing drums in a little night club band, and you haven't very much money and you want her always to be free to go back to them should you slip that far and go completely broke, you have one chance to get some of the good of living. You get "married" secretly.

Rusty, a swing drummer, was a profoundly religious man. He firmly believed in God, and he thought that God was love . . . that if you loved anybody with a powerful and encompassing affection, you loved God. Because people had God inside them.

Sometimes, when they were in bed in the dark, or walking in the parks and breathing deeply of clean air, or when they would get moody spells and like to talk of things like that, he would tell her about God being a good force in everybody. Like Abou ben Adhem, he said.

Three years. They said, married people, that you didn't love your partner after three years. They were wrong.

He couldn't stand to be without her, brushing her hair back as gently as he could from her forehead to smooth out everything but peace from her mind; to hold her asleep or awake in his arms; to read to her (she liked *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and had him read the

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last chapter five times); to explain musical arrangements and tonal colorings.

He had to admire her cookery; to rub her back and buy her tablets of relief with his last dollar; to care very much when she burned herself each day on the stove; to sit on the floor with her to read the evening funnies before he went to work; to see that she wore her glasses and didn't do too much fancy work, no cutwork at all; and to pull himself away each night from eight until two to play his drums and get them a little money.

With a million other couples they said: "I love you more than I did yesterday."

"Funny, isn't it? That's the way it is with me."

And they would lie awake in bed awhile, awake but not yet conscious of the day. And then he would put his arm around her, lifting her head up to his shoulder, and she would be safe from everything in the world, and she would take a little nap.

Just before he would awaken, a deep warm wave of peace would flow completely over him if she was there, and he was coldly alone when she was not. He could sense it very plainly; he knew when she was there and when she wasn't.

And when that peace wasn't there, he said, it left a great big hole right in his middle.

And that void came into him whenever she left the room, and so he followed her doggedly around. Into the kitchen, where he would stand behind her with his arms around her as he kissed the nape of her neck and nibbled her ears.

"Every time you kiss me, I could fight a tiger."

"Every time you kiss me, I could cook him."

II

She burst through the door and fear was straining her face white and showing in the hunted look of her eyes. "Piggie's coming," she said. "Mom's sick and I have to go home." And then in answer to the awful, unvoiced question, "They're going to take all the things."

There it was. There was the thing you feared, staring you right in the face. The thing you knew was going to happen sometime. Deep inside, you could go a little sick. Piggie was her brother.

"He'll be here in two hours."

They packed desperately, glad they must. Work kept you from thinking. But to the racing mind, each little thing they carefully placed away was shrouded, would always be securely bound, with the

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sacred memory of their preview of peace.

Proust had a phrase for it: remembrance of things past.

Remembrance of things past to flood and swirl through a maddening imagination in an eddying, hot lava, now and then thrusting up a bit of torn, gray, grotesque wreckage for a brief glimpse, then letting the illusion shatter in the silent way of a child's sandpile castle settling to the earth in the drear of a fall shower seen through the grimy, tear-streaked window of the heart.

Things of no consequence . . . life warping, deepening . . . holding her in your arms as she cried so pitifully for this reason. He threw his shaving things into an inconspicuous paper bag.

Souvenirs d'amour. The blue vase from their vacation in the Ozarks; a week of fresh milk and the scent of cedar, walks in the forest. "Just get one," she had said, "then we'll just have to come back to get the other."

The dishes, the kitchen things, clothing, the little flower designs in pewter that she had hung on the walls of the kitchenette; the photograph album (the time they went to the state park and sat alone in front of a roaring fire in the massive fireplace in the shelter house and signed the guest book as man and wife for practice; such a sacred thing was marriage that you practiced) and the better homes magazines; the Gregg Writer and the Standard Dictionary of Facts, Thornton Wilder, Thomas Wolfe.

There was the big chromium tray that he had had for a s'prise when she came home to him on the bus once, and a pair of flannel pajamas with green polka dots. They were half a dozen sizes too large for her, and in them she seemed to him to be a child hurrying to grow up, and so he cuddled her. She was his child.

Remembering songs that ran through your head in an endless refrain. *Everything's been done before,* that he had played to her from the bandstand of the Country Club. *I'm in the mood for love;* they had gone to a picture called "Every Night at Eight" the night before he had gone to Kansas City again, and that song was in the picture, and they had played it so much at the hotel that he was desolate.

Then the wire: "The band is going to Texas and I'm coming home," and then he had come home with a terrible hangover and his great marine pearl tom-toms; and the cab driver grinned in the mirror at them on that gray morning.

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Now the soundless welling up, and the drip drip drip of the alligator tears as a silly voice crooned out of the radio on that damn bright, cheerless Sunday afternoon that was supposed to be his Sunday, with its pitiful, overwritten bawling about parting and going away.

You could try to lie. "It's just for a little while."

But it wasn't. It was forever and she knew it. It was breaking, and no matter what else might come, this was over. You couldn't buck the natural scheme of things. They should have been out in the open with it, formally. "Sure," he agreed, and was unreasonably angry with himself. "Just a little while. You'll help your mother get well."

And they knew, standing on the torn land of their lives, that she would never get well, and that they would never get well either, and that the world was a sickly place, somehow topsy-turvy, where nothing went like it was supposed to, and everybody lost whatever he wanted and was handed out a lot of substitute things which were supposed to be just as good and didn't mean a goddamned thing.

Then Piggie came and they all packed and packed and took things down the stairs and put them in the car and walked back up the stairs to get more things to walk back down with.

Piggie was a pretty good fellow. He knew, of course, but though he had the opportunity, he did not smirk at them, nor did he smile with satisfied sadism at this destruction. He kept them all busy, perhaps with a secret sympathy.

Then, just like that, it was all over and her things were packed and they were riding in a stiff silence out to his parents' home. He got out, leaned across the steel barrier of their tense, protective shells and kissed her.

She said, "I'll write every day."

"I will too."

Then they were gone and he walked into the house, into his own old room.

He was alone. And for the first time in his life, he knew that he would always be alone and that he must try not to care ever again for anything or anybody. Wherever he went, whatever he said, did, thought, felt, he would be alone in this multitude of solitary men.

He dropped across the bed. He was twenty-one. He was healthy. With bad luck, he would live for another fifty years without her. He sobbed once, this young man, then lay still, angry at women because they had the release of tears.

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▶ *Need we fear our huge foreign population?*

ABOUT THE ALIENS IN OUR MIDST

By Raymond Moley and Celeste Jedel

There are still 4,750,000 aliens in the United States. This startling fact is a challenge. For the past 20 years, immigration has been only a trickle. Why, then, has such an army of people failed to take advantage of our naturalization laws and become citizens? Is this unabsorbed minority a breeding ground for disloyalty? Are these people potential or actual fifth columnists?

Many people are alarmed by the startling facts and are raising anxious questions. Let us look at this alien picture closely. In the first place, 1,750,000 of these aliens are now going through the naturalization process. They want to be citizens, and in a few years they will be.

Of the remainder, some 400,000 are ineligible for citizenship. They have not been here long enough; they are under 18; they got here illegally; they entered the country as visitors or students and have overstayed their time, or, finally, they are barred because of race.

That leaves about 2,500,000 who have passed up the opportunity to become citizens for one reason or another. A great many of these are, in effect, "common law citizens." Some of them took out first papers long ago and have allowed them to lapse — often through sheer ignorance that second papers are required. Thousands actually believed they were citizens until recently, when a number of circumstances compelled them to try to prove it. Congress, for instance, has forbidden the employment of aliens on WPA work; aliens are barred from certain defense industries, some private employers are refusing to hire non-citizens.

In 1938, when Congress prohibited the payment of any part of the army appropriation to enlisted men who were not citizens, it was suddenly discovered that some 7000 soldiers could not get their pay. Most of them had served in the World War and believed this automatically made them citizens. One Greek told us, "When government give me discharge, government give me paper too. I think I was citizen ever since." He has

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been voting regularly and for 22 years has been a "common law" citizen.

No one knows just how many of these "common law" citizens there are. They include men and women who mistakenly believed that they were born here, or that their parents were naturalized, or that they became citizens when they married a citizen.

One elderly Scot explained that it was not until relatives in the home country wrote last summer asking him whether he could take their two grandchildren for the duration, that he learned he had been born in Scotland and brought here when he was three years old. "I was shocked beyond words," he said. "I had always felt this was my country. I had voted time and again. Can you imagine my feelings when I had to register as an alien? And be fingerprinted? I have always said I was a citizen: I'm known as an honest man. I have grown-up children. I've kept putting off doing anything about citizenship now because I'm so humiliated."

What strikes you first when you see any representative group of the 4,750,000 aliens is the number of old people they include — some of them almost incredibly old. Over 10 per cent of them are more than 64 years of age. Their median age is 48 years, in contrast with the median age of our whole population, which is only 28.

We should remember that every alien family head is supporting, on the average, one American-born child. A study spread over 15 states shows further that in every household in which either husband or wife, or both, were aliens, there was an average of three American citizens. The families of our 4,750,000 aliens include at least seven million citizens.

The proportion of women among the aliens has increased since the passage of the Cable Act, in the '20's, which eliminated the automatic provision that a wife became a citizen when her husband did. Particularly among the older women citizenship had been less important than children, the home, the church. Here you face the traditions and habits of centuries. "It is not a woman's concern." "I have four children who go to school, and I never have time." "I don't think it make matter to women." These are answers you get over and over again.

Does this suggest that our aliens are a group of strangers, of "potential enemies or spies?" Or does it suggest that most of them are meshed into the life of America by

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ties of blood and marriage which bind them to us with more compelling force than any counter-impulse of ignorance or treachery?

And then there are some aliens — probably not many — who sincerely do not want American citizenship. An ex-officer in the British Army explained that he was getting "a wound pension" from his Government and that he believed it would be cut off if he renounced allegiance. A 60-year-old Hungarian, a clerk, stated that he came "from a family of noble lineage" and "that somehow that keeps me tied to my past. I simply don't want to become an American citizen." In California, an honest old Mexican who has been a fixture in his little community for years said to me gravely, "No — Pedro not citizen. Pedro born in Mexico. A man cannot have two mothers." You will hear that sentiment often among Mexicans in the Southwest.

II

Americans, irritated by the attitude of these aliens-by-choice and the more numerous aliens-by-indifference, may demand a policy of "join-us-or-else —." Yet most aliens don't want to injure this country or its institutions. Aliens-by-indifference are simply unaware that citizenship is a privilege or a duty. Prodded by their children or pressed by their community, they eventually do take steps. Before we pass judgment on them let us remember that three-eighths of us citizens entitled to vote in the last Presidential election did not do so. The proportion of indifference among aliens is certainly no larger and there is more to excuse their laxity. They have been preoccupied by their adjustment to a new life, in this country; by the effort of learning new customs and a new language.

Hundreds of thousands of aliens are illiterate. They want citizenship but they simply cannot pass the tests. Now it is perfectly proper that there be some determination of their desirability as citizens, but in the past officials too often asked such questions as: "How high is the Bunker Hill Monument?" "Name ten of the principal reasons given for the Declaration of Independence." "How many stars are there on a quarter?"

Mercifully, under the new policy of the Naturalization Service, this sort of thing is no longer common. Even so, when you watch elderly aliens go through the naturalization mill, you cannot escape a pang of sympathy — and you would find it hard to answer some of the questions that befuddle them.

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In theory, all arriving aliens have been registered at ports of entry since 1906. But the record books were often carelessly kept. Admission over the Mexican and Canadian borders was frequently unrecorded. Names of minor children were omitted. Other names were misspelled beyond recognition. Numbers of the older arrivals could not remember the exact date or the name of the ship.

To remedy this situation, Congress in 1929 provided that aliens who had come to the United States before June 3, 1921, who could prove continuous residence since the time of their arrival and who were of good character, might secure a certificate of lawful entry. It was also made possible for those who entered the country in an irregular way before July 1924 to legalize their status. But some aliens do not yet realize that these changes in the law have taken place, and fear they may be deported if they rouse any sleeping dogs.

Many an alien who must provide "accurate, complete and . . . chronological" data concerning the various addresses at which he has resided "since July 1, 1924," or the places at which he was employed, gives up in despair or falls into the hands of an unscrupulous lawyer who will pilot him through the sea of technicalities — but only for a heartbreaking fee.

In even more serious plight are the estimated 55,000 who entered the country as visitors or students and have overstayed their time or who entered illegally since 1924. They are subject to deportation, but that in most cases is impossible because of the war. In any event, most of these aliens cannot become citizens. True, at great expense of money and effort they can, in certain circumstances, leave the country and re-enter it legally. But this complicated and thoroughly silly procedure is, for practical reasons, closed to the majority of them.

These, then, are the chief reasons why aliens have been slow to become citizens. If for urgent reasons of national policy we want to reduce the non-citizen population, we should make some practicable procedure available.

III

National security demands vigilance. Registration? Yes. Fingerprinting? Yes. We should all be registered and fingerprinted. But the detection and control of the alien-in-spirit is not brought much nearer by registration of aliens-by-law. For the alien-in-spirit may

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have been born here or may have possessed the education, opportunity and astuteness that made him become a citizen long ago. His detection is a job for the authorities. We must not confuse the problem he raises with questions of naturalization.

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, tells us: "The experience of the FBI in coping with foreign agents, spies, and saboteurs has conclusively illustrated that the great mass of aliens in this country is loyal to America, devoted to the principles of democracy. Nothing could contribute more to recruiting 'Fifth Columnists' than unfounded accusations or unjust oppressive measures against them. True, America is threatened by foreign foes and espousers of alien ways of life. But these termites who seek to destroy and to sabotage our way of life should not be confused with honest, loyal, foreign-born citizens."

An overhauling of our naturalization laws is clearly necessary. Such a clean-up should not mean an increase in the compulsions that now operate. It should mean a wise readjustment of the laws dealing with naturalization — revisions based upon the varying needs of our different remnant groups and recognizing that many barriers erected to prevent undesirable invasions of our citizenship have ceased to have meaning.

Bold and realistic remedial action has already been recommended by intelligent private agencies. It was sympathetically pushed during Robert Jackson's tenure as Attorney General. The bills that would do the job are already before Congress. But adequate public support is necessary if Congress is to pass them.

Here is the program:

For older aliens: Waive the educational requirements for naturalization of persons over a certain age, say, 55, who have lived at least ten years in the United States. Permit the Attorney General to suspend deportation proceedings where the only reason for deportation is some defect or irregularity of entry. Extend the privilege of obtaining a certificate of lawful entry to persons who have lived in the United States for five (or ten) years and can show good moral character. Eliminate the requirement for certificates of arrival in the case of aliens who entered the United States before February 5, 1917.

For refugees: Give to non-immigrant aliens (temporary residents on students' or visitors' visas) whose return to their own

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country is now impossible, the status of immigrants for permanent residence.

For criminal aliens, those who advocate the overthrow of government by force, or those who are members of the Communist Party, the German-American Bund and the like: Cease to rely upon deportation — which cannot now be done — and lock them up.

But more than legislative action is required. Press and radio should make a concerted effort to encourage aliens to seek American citizenship and an even greater effort to persuade labor unions, employers, public officials and citizens generally to stop the senseless drift toward discriminatory laws and regulations.

The emergency requires national unity through mutual understanding between native Americans and aliens. An atmosphere of suspicion will prevent us from understanding the contributions they have made. On the other hand, the aliens themselves have an obligation to accept not only the benefits but the responsibilities common to us all. We want no feeble or divided loyalty. And the creation of such loyalty is the joint task of those who have been born citizens, those who have achieved citizenship, and those who have had it thrust upon them.

BOND

I BROKE bread with my enemy.
The shadow on the spread
Did not disturb a bite for me
Nor irk him, as he fed.

These common things make rivals one:
The drawing in of breath,
The ache of heart, the love of sun,
The thinning road to death.

— GERALDINE ROSS

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IS THERE NEW HOPE FOR EPILEPTICS?

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

A half million persons in the United States are epileptic, or more than five for every physician who practices general medicine. Appeals from the afflicted and their families flow constantly to the American Medical Association and into the offices of doctors. The burden of these appeals is an anxious plea for knowledge to cut through the miasmic misinformation and ignorance which surround the subject.

"What can be done to cure epilepsy?" is the common question. Others run in a similar vein: "My fiancé has a sister who has epileptic convulsions; shall I marry him?" And again, "If one child in a family has epilepsy, what are the chances that other children will have it, too?" One sentence occurs in pathetic reiteration: "Any advice, help or enlightenment you can give me on the subject will be greatly appreciated."

Yet the condition called epilepsy is centuries old. It is depicted in the art and literature of ancient civilizations and in Scriptural writings. The ancients thought it was possession by devils. They bored or scraped holes in the skull and attempted cures by incantations and exorcisms. At various periods in history, epilepsy has been known as spitting disease, filthy disease, falling sickness and fits. Its modern name comes from the Greek, meaning "to be seized." Present day physicians sometimes object to the term because it describes merely a symptom, a seizure which may be due to many causes. Doctors Pollock and Stone, of Northwestern University, use the words "convulsive state"; Dr. William C. Lennox and his associates, of Harvard, prefer "paroxysmal cerebral dysrhythmia" — recurring brain irregularity.

No matter what he calls it, every non-medical person has well-established ideas about epilepsy and most of them are wrong. He knows that the disease is hereditary (which many physicians deny); that it is always accompanied by or results in feeblemindedness (which is not true); and that usually noth-

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ing can be done about it (not true, either). Worse, he is prone to believe that some sort of stigma or shame attaches to it and he must hide his (or his relative's) condition from friends and the community. It is sometimes suggested that a new name might help disassociate epilepsy from its old barnacles of misconception and misinformation. Perhaps it might, but it would involve teaching a new name for an old disease to at least two generations of epileptics, their families and friends. Successful attacks have been made on other diseases under their familiar names —witness diabetes and cancer, not to mention tuberculosis, of which only the crassly ignorant are now ashamed.

Whatever its name, epilepsy has been a dreaded, hopeless malady to millions of human beings. If there is new hope in modern medical knowledge for its victims, the news will be welcome.

Let us say at once that no cure for epilepsy has been found, if we use "cure" in its popular sense, meaning to do away with seizures promptly and permanently in all or practically all cases. There is no cure for diabetes, either, yet increasing numbers of diabetics live long and well by making judicious use of diet, exercise and insulin under close medical supervision. On the other hand, we have a cure for diphtheria but we still have the disease and too many children still die of it. The situation in virtually every disease is similar in one respect: the knowledge we possess and could use is not put to the widest possible use because knowledge spreads slowly and superstition dies hard.

Epileptics, their families and friends, need to know certain facts about epilepsy. First, it is not one disease but a group of causes underlying a single prominent symptom, the convulsion. Second, not all epileptics have convulsions; convulsions are only the typical symptom of so-called *grand mal.* Others may have transitory and almost unnoticeable "lapses" of memory or attention, or minor twitchings without loss of consciousness. This is called *petit mal.* Still others have sudden outbursts of temper, emotionalism or illogical conduct, known as psychomotor equivalents. Third, the common form of headache known as migraine, to which no stigma attaches, may be and probably is closely allied to epilepsy. Fourth, epilepsy is not directly inherited. Fifth, epilepsy is not always accompanied by nor does it invariably result in feeblemindedness or mental deteriora-

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tion. Sixth, many convulsive patients can and do complete their educations, live normal lives, make their own living in business or the professions with only such obvious limitations as inability to drive automobiles, engage in hazardous occupations, or climb heights. Seventh, and perhaps most encouraging of all, much can be done for many patients. In fact, there are those who can be freed from their seizures for years, if not permanently, and some may even go without medication after a time.

The patient who suffers from seizures has to fight not only his disease but its social and economic consequences. Humans shrink from unpleasant experiences. The epileptic has difficulty in completing his education even when his condition does not prohibit school attendance. He lacks adequate treatment because parents do not know that much can be done for many patients. He seeks employment vainly even when he is quite safely employable. His friendships and social contacts suffer; the misunderstanding, ostracism and unintentional cruelty practiced upon him by the ignorant may seriously affect his personality and mental development. What hope, the patient may ask, can come from this vicious circle?

Modern study has turned up several significant facts which inspire optimism. It is now known, for instance, that not all convulsive attacks are due to the apparently mysterious and unexplained condition known as idiopathic epilepsy. Convulsive seizures in infants have been greatly reduced by the knowledge and understanding of calcium and vitamin D metabolism in the body and the resultant universal feeding of vitamin D in some form to babies. Seizures in children may be due to infectious diseases and are by no means always, or even frequently, followed by epilepsy in later life. Injuries, infections, softening, blood clots or scars in the brain may give rise to a special type of convulsion known as focal or Jacksonian epilepsy, which can often be remedied surgically. When careful studies have eliminated all these special types, others remain for which no apparent cause can be found and they must be regarded for the present as true convulsive states, although even this group may be diminished by disclosure in future studies of specific causes for some of them.

In the epilepsies or convulsive states without apparent cause, observers have noted alkaline or acid tendencies of the body chemistry, balance of water intake and

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elimination, disturbances of sugar utilization in the body, disturbances of glandular function, diet and other influences. No single observation has yielded the key, though some patients have been benefited by restricting the water intake, others by a diet which tends to reduce body alkalinity — the so-called ketogenic diet. Recently, electrical impulses originating in the brain have been studied by use of the electroencephalograph, or brain-wave recorder, in a manner similar to the study of the heart by the more familiar electrocardiograph. The brain-wave record has shown typical deviations from normal in the waves recorded during attacks of *grand mal*, *petit mal* and psycho-motor attacks. This suggests that it may be possible to recognize epileptic tendencies in apparently normal persons.

II

Patients tend to center their interest in drugs for the treatment of epilepsy. Actually, other factors are of equal importance. According to a report made in a Northwestern University study, there is "urgent need for the institution of a sound regime of hygiene, including diet, exercise, care of the bowels, avoidance of infections, relief of (other) bodily disturbances, and avoidance of alcohol and similar toxins." In short, the epileptic must first learn how to live intelligently, with the aid of his doctor. There is also a need to face and overcome unfounded prejudices. Some of the severe and intractable cases, and those with mental defects, must have special provisions for education. They may be unable to work or may require institutional treatment, but large numbers of them can and should live normally, except for the care they take to follow medical advice and avoid certain accident hazards.

When these basic matters have been encompassed, the doctor will advise drugs and how to use them. The drugs are bromides, phenobarbital and some others experimentally, notably the newly introduced dilatin sodium. Phenobarbital and bromides are general sedatives. Dilatin sodium is an anti-convulsant but not a sedative. It is quite the opposite and often makes the patient over-alert, jittery and unsteady. In any event, the patient needs no detailed knowledge of drugs and their actions. He is better off to follow the doctor's advice and take no drugs (or advice, for that matter) without consulting his physician. It is worth noting that bromides,

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often regarded as drugs which deteriorate and brutalize the patient, can be given without these effects and with very few skin rashes. Blood determinations of the bromide content help the doctor adjust the dose; they also expose the patient who says he has been taking his bromides without benefit when he has actually not done so.

A wider knowledge of the facts is needed. To this end, there has been organized a Laymen's League Against Epilepsy, which may be addressed in care of Harvard Medical School, Boston. It is the hope of this League to improve the lot of the epileptic by making knowledge more available, mitigating the unwarranted social stigma which attaches to the convulsive patient, mobilizing public opinion toward more liberal provision of funds for research, and throwing its weight into the scales against quackery.

A persistent type of quackery, greatly diminished in recent years, is the mail order sale of cures for epilepsy. The secrecy, ignorance and prejudice associated with the disease have combined to make a tempting opportunity for the mail order medicine vendor and he has capitalized it with cynical efficiency. The operation of new Federal laws governing drugs and prescribing by mail will minimize the abuse but the spread of knowledge will do even more to defeat the quack. Mail order treatments for epilepsy contain no drug not known to the physician. These treatments favor indiscriminate medication, with the dosage either ineffective or dangerous. They cost the patient more than medical treatment, plus the cost of necessary drugs purchased at ordinary drugstores.

The modern concept of epilepsy, implicit with encouragement for its victims, may be summarized succinctly as follows:

All types of convulsive seizures were once called epilepsy but many are now recognized as due to injuries, brain softenings, tumors and brain scars.

Most patients were once treated only for the symptoms but many are now treated successfully by surgery, especially those with the causes named above.

Sixty per cent of epileptics are mentally normal and remain so.

Seventy-five per cent of the mentally normal can be completely or largely relieved of their seizures.

Many epileptics can safely marry and some can become parents.

Drugs can be used successfully without injuring the mentality or personality of the patient.

While it is *literally* true that there is

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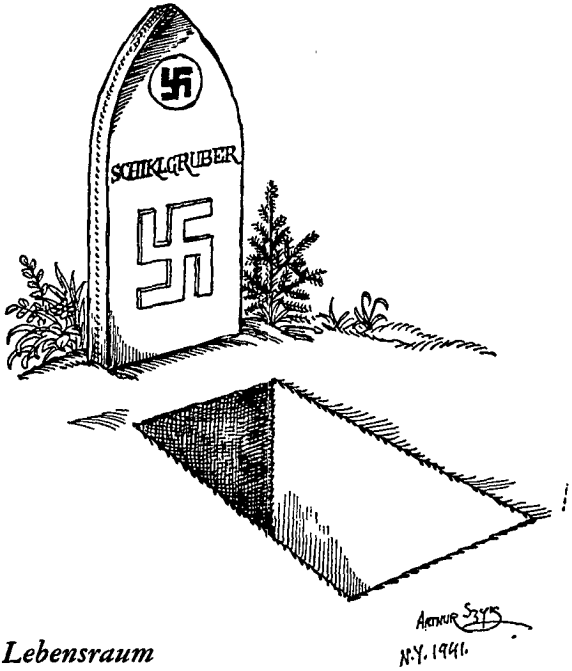
no cure for epilepsy, *practically* it is possible to keep many patients in a state of substantial freedom from seizures.

Many epileptics not only make a living, but succeed brilliantly in law, medicine and other learned professions.

Epilepsy is coming to be recognized as a misfortune rather than a disgrace.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, there is a new light on the horizon — a determination to mobilize against the disease in somewhat the same manner utilized so successfully in the drives against tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, diabetes and the social diseases. The principal encouragement for epileptics and their relatives lies in a rising determination to dispel ignorance and prejudice, to use existing knowledge to the full and search for more, and to replace hopelessness with hope.



Lebensraum

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AMERICANA

ARIZONA

EXAMPLE of the higher rhetoric as exhibited on the editorial page of the Tucson *Daily Citizen:*

> If the map of the world could be superimposed on that inaspectible thing called world conscience, the orange colored segment of Europe called Spain, which trembles from the Pyrennes like an anguished tear on the heavy lid of sorrow, would coincide with the focus of deepest guilt, and there isn't any part of that parti-colored cartographical smear that can plead total innocence. For Spain is a palimpsest of mortal indifference, neglect, and devility, including particeps criminis — a picture of man's inhumanity to man, a fore-glimpse in the small of the threatened fate of the animate world.

ARKANSAS

A CORDIAL invitation to culture under the letterhead of the Arcadian Guild, "Devoted to the Creative Arts," in Caddo Gap:

> Dear Friend: Please read the enclosed circulars with interest for I am opening a door of opportunity to benefit your state as well as bring you the finest vacation you ever had.
>
> The guild meets but once a year and this year during the Moon of the Painted Leaves we will gather near Hot Springs in a setting of tiny chalet dwellings with every modern convenience and pure spring water.
>
> There will be plenty of free yodeling inspiration, as well as a good program and the joy of fellow artists. We need you and feel that you will not have lost a thing so send us your membership and plan for this ingathering.

ILLINOIS

A CALL to the pioneer spirit of our womanhood in the classified columns of the Chicago *Tribune:*

> BRAVE GIRL WANTED to stand against a 48-inch board and allow Rajah Raboid, sensational mind reader, to throw knives around her body with both his eyes sealed. Applicants apply to Roosevelt Hall . . . Easy work. Excellent salary and chance for advancement.

MISSISSIPPI

HORTICULTURE marches on in Tupelo, according to the Associated Press:

> He doesn't know whether it's a vegetable or a nut, but Dr. J. T. Barrett claims he has successfully crossed the peanut with the tomato. The fruit is about the size of an English walnut and has a "half-way" flavor, asserts Dr. Barrett, a colonel on Governor Paul Johnson's staff. He has been experimenting with the plant. . . .

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.*)

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NEW YORK

THE decadent subtleties of capitalist salesmanship are urged upon the proletariat by the *Daily Worker:*

> You'll want to look your best when you go out to sell the *Daily Worker* these days! The girl in the picture knows that her own appearance — as well as the logic of headlines — can help get new people to read the truth. She is saying in a clear but pleasant tone of voice, "Extra! Red Army stands firm against Nazi attackers." The dress she's wearing is striking as well as pretty. She made it herself out of an India print. And, by the way, her papers are going like hot-cakes.

A FRONT PAGE editorial in the *Long Island Independent* reflects a candid natal wistfulness:

> This issue marks the eighth anniversary of the *Long Island Independent*. For eight years we have been trying to give the city of Long Beach a decent, truthful newspaper. We sometimes wonder if anyone gives a damn.

NORTH DAKOTA

HIGH life among our aboriginal friends, reported by the *Sioux County Pioneer-Arrow*, of Fort Yates:

> County Judge Joe Menz, States Attorney Irving Koths and Officer Dennis LeCompte took defendants Jonathan Stretches Himself and Anne Running Bear before Judge H. J. Miller of Dickinson, where Stretches Himself was arraigned on a charge of adultery, and Miss Running Bear on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. Stretches Himself was given a one year stretch in the penitentiary and Miss Running Bear will serve six months in the Agency jail.

OKLAHOMA

THE resourceful clergy solves a difficult problem in field tactics, according to a neighborly dispatch from the Wichita (Kansas) *Eagle:*

> Methodist minister at Tulsa has hired an assistant pastor for the summer who is a woman. She will do the visiting. The preacher says so many women are not fully dressed around the house these hot days that the embarrassment is getting him, and them, down.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE AP reports on complete misanthropy in Charleston:

> An applicant for Charleston dog catcher listed his qualifications as follows: "Color, white; age, 28. I dislike all dogs; little dogs, big dogs, cute dogs, shaggy dogs, ugly dogs and even hot dogs." The application was taken under consideration.

WISCONSIN

BACKSLIDING merits a paragraph of theological philosophy in the Rockland correspondence of the Bangor *Independent:*

> If the Angel Gabriel had showed up Sunday evening he would have found the congregation scattered far and wide. Too hot in summer to go to church and too cold in winter and so only a short time in spring and fall that we can sit still and listen to a sermon. Many churches are cutting out August as far as church goes. Wonder when Satan takes a vacation.

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

Instinct and the Dauber Wasp

Instinct, said Professor Mark Hopkins, is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction. The definition is one of thousands hazarded by scientists and laymen, theologians and poets, as through the ages men have watched with wondering eyes the arrowing, unhesitant flight of a wild duck toward the distant place where, instinctively, it knows its goal to be; or the instinctive engineering of an oriole weaving the fantastic patterns of its pensile nest; or the instinctive crouching of a just hatched grouse chick in the concealing grasses when it sees the shadow of a wheeling hawk. In all the universe around us, and in the secret regions of our own secret hearts, instinct everywhere pervades: profound, unlearned impulsions giving guidance to the lives of ants, birds, beasts and men and all the creatures of the earth.

It is not surprising that the tremendous and obscure phenomenon should appear capable of interpretation in many different ways to many men. For a school of psychologists eager to squeeze the cosmos into a mechanistic hypothesis, instinct has appeared to be "inherited tracts and patternings established in the central nervous system, derived from behavior originally intelligent." To a philosopher, staring at earth and stars with a heart rather more full of poetry, instinct has looked to be "the sweet, grave, natural guidance of the universe." To unreckonable numbers of primitive peoples, living close to nature and profoundly conscious of huge Mystery behind and beyond the appearance of phenomena, the behests of instinct have seemed a kind of direct communication, a superintending guidance, from the very center-of-essence of that enormous and unknowable Great Spirit. It is not likely that all men will ever agree as to instinct's deep, ancient wellsprings, or its purpose, or even the technique of its operation. On one point, though, they cannot disagree: they cannot fail to think that instinct is in its way as strange and stirring a thing, as much a won-

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der, as stars or sunsets or birth or death. It is one of the enormous marvels of our earth.

No scientist so dry and positive, no theologian so pat and prim as not to gawk a little and entertain a queer feeling of humility and ancient awe when he watches the performance of such a creature as our common little mud daubing wasp. The mud dauber is a most familiar insect. It has been seen by everyone who has ever entered a farmhouse attic or a hayloft. Its life-ritual, carried out at the bidding of the inner urges of instinct, and these only, must make any but a grossly apathetic watcher feel curiously humble and stirred.

The dauber wasp is not a social insect, like the yellow jackets and hornets, but solitary. After the brief contact of copulation in the spring, the female goes alone to make her nest. It is in June, generally, or a little later, that she sets out on a flight to a brook bank or a marsh to gather mud. Scratching up particles of moist earth, she rolls and shapes them into a tiny pellet and bears it off to the barn or attic that she has selected for her site. Arrived at the old beam or timber to which the nest is to be affixed, she presses the ball of mud gently against the rough surface of the wood. Slowly, dexterously, she pats and shapes it, flattening it until it has become a thin disc which will dry quickly. This is the cornerstone, so to speak, of the nest's foundation. As it dries, the dauber flies away again for the gathering of further material. Pellet after pellet is slowly added to the original base, each new deposit smoothed and flattened as the first one was, until in time there results a broad, flat, earthen platform. It is the finished foundation, now, upon which the nest itself is to be built. The dauber is ready to begin the construction of her cells.

II

For the making of a cell, the wasp brings precisely such earth pellets as she has previously been carrying but now, when she comes to the nest site, she does not flatten them into little discs. She shapes them into rings. Ring upon concentric ring she builds, shaping and hollowing them by adroit manipulation of her head and mandibles. The task engrosses her utterly. There comes from her, as she models and moulds and scrapes the plastic mud, the squeak and drone of wasp singing. It is the music of her shimmering wings being rubbed together. As a man does, she accompanies her absorbed labor with

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the rhythmic utterance of sound. Raptly, singing, she increases the concentric circles of the cell; and then abruptly she stops. Instinct has informed her that the cell is finished now. It might have contained one less circle; it might have contained one more; but it does not. The sense of instinct is not flexible, like thought. It is rigid and unaltering, like the succession of the seasons. In the cell upon which the wasp has now ceased labor, the concentric circles which compose it are just fifteen.

If her work of masonry is not interrupted by sudden death, always near and shadowing in insect life, the dauber may increase the number of nest cells, in time, to as many as eighteen or twenty. But there may, perhaps, be a chance to finish only five or six, or only one. Whatever the final number may come to be, therefore, the next step is in any case the processing of the cell that is wholly completed. The cell needs to be stocked with food. The dauber leaves the dried and hardened cell now and flies forth searching. She is searching, with the rigid purposefulness of all her instinct driven activities, for a spider. When presently she finds one — a yellow-banded garden spider, perhaps, in the meadow grass — she darts down quickly and lights upon it, thrusting her sting into its body twice, in two unvarying locations: one jet of poison injected on each side of the oesophagus, in the thorax. From the wound sites thus instinctively selected, the dauber's poison radiates in the spider's body in such fashion that the spider does not die. It is seized, instead, only with a lasting paralysis. The spider still breathes, but cannot move. It is rendered helplessly passive as the dauber carries it back to the nest site and stuffs its heavy-fleshed body into the completed cell. It remains unmoving as she deposits upon its breast a tiny, gleaming, yellow egg, and as then, with droning wings and rapt concentration, she seals the cell tight shut with a heavy stopple of fresh mud.

It is three days after the spider's entombment that the little yellow wasp egg hatches out a little yellow maggot. This is the wasp larva, a thirteen-segmented tiny-headed grub, and instinct instructs it as surely as its gauzy-winged begetter was instructed. In the darkness of the cell, the larva fastens its mouth upon the fat belly of the spider, still paralytically alive, and begins to suck out the blood and soft flesh that have thus been kept fresh and undecomposed during the larva's incubation. For a week or

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so, in the darkness, the larva sucks and feeds, while the life of the spider ebbs and flickers and finally stops, and not once does the larva make any excretion. It increases its size sixfold, and presently sends forth from its mouth a liquid silk, and with intricate weaving motions begins the encasing of itself in a tubular cocoon. By the seventh or eighth day, the cocoon has become a finished silken cylinder, open only at one end. The time has come now for the larva to void, in a single mass, the accumulated excretions of its whole larval life. The mass bungs shut the cocoon's orifice, drying to a stone hard stopple. The larva is wholly encased. It is ready for pupation.

For nearly a year the metamorphosing dauber inhabits its silken, dung-stoppered cocoon inside the mud cell. Through autumn and winter and most of the following spring it undergoes the slow transformation of its thirteen-ringed worm's body into the body of a wasp. Then, in the warmth of some May morning, it stirs and wriggles, and its skin splits, and it has suddenly become a creature very like an adult wasp. Very like, but not quite. Its new wasp's body is the color of pale straw and its wings are only little pads of folded tissue. Its legs and antennae are so colorless as to be almost transparent. For a month longer, therefore, it remains quiet in its cell, and slowly as the days pass, its body is dyed with pigmentation.

A tinge of yellow, and then of violet, and finally of black, colors its enormous eyes. The blue and yellow mottlings of adulthood spread over thorax and abdomen, shaping in clear, hard patterns. The wings are expanding and strengthening now; the legs and antennae have grown dark. The wasp feels within itself a tremendous stirring, a surging, irresistible drive of interior compulsion, a clamor of instinct to seek light and flight and the feel of the June sun. Quickly it scrapes and saws at the mud masonry of its cell, and makes a hole. Briefly it extrudes its head and thorax, briefly fans its hardening wings. Then, in an instant, it is off in flight in the summer air. It will find a mate presently, and go seeking mud to build earthen cells of fifteen concentric circles, and hunt for a spider that shall be provender for its own young. The cycle of dauber wasp life, instinct triumphant, has come the full circle of completion.

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THE LIBRARY

Sane Books in an Insane World

By Mary M. Colum

A comment that Eugene Lyons makes in *The Red Decade*[1] on a remark of Ralph Bates's — "We communists understand that revolution" (i.e., the French Revolution) — throws a good deal of light on peculiar happenings in our world today. "These people," Lyons says, "had taken over not only the Russian Revolution and its terror but the French Revolution and its terror, and all revolutions since the day Cain turned on Abel. In a kind of political megalomania they had identified themselves with History." This is certainly one of the reasons why the world today is in an insane state.

Before our time a cause was just a cause — men might die for it, but they did not set it up as something the whole process of history was making towards; they did not pretend to know what the end-product of history was. But in our time the revelation has been made to every good party man in every totalitarian state. In one section the end-product of history is the classless state; in another it is the supremacy of the Nordic race. Knowing what the end-product is, they can justify the means of reaching it. They can identify themselves with the process and so become megalomaniacs. The end being the real thing, they can indulge in any kind of trickery, hypocrisy and crime to reach it. *The Red Decade* tells us earnestly, eloquently, and at the same time ironically and humorously, what the megalomaniacs and their dupes have been up to in America.

The author associates the epochal development of communism with the third and fourth of the five periods into which he divides the history of the Communist International. The third period began with the famous Five Year Plan, the fourth after the Comintern Congress of 1935, ending with the Stalin-Hitler pact with which the present war began.

It was in the third and fourth

[1] $3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

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periods that Stalinists made a bold envelopment of the cultural front and brought into public view the Intelligentsia, the literary and near-literary comrades, millionaire Hollywooders, actors, artists and strip-teasers. Pilgrimages to Russia became the thing. We had not only books from the semi-literate comrades, but from venerable social researchers like the Webbs. The goings-on of the cultural front in this country might make one believe that a contagious psychosis had reached epidemic proportions in the literary world. They are all discussed vigorously and penetratingly in *The Red Decade*. We are made to recall our own bewilderment as our writing friends issued manifestoes, calls, ukases, excommunications, and scattered documents through a bewildered and submissive capitalist press.

The lengthy list of names affixed to these documents generally included one or more Manns, Lewis Mumford, Matthew Josephson, Van Wyck Brooks, Granville Hicks, Vincent Sheean and Theodore Dreiser, and some few women, notably Dorothy Parker. In addition there was a long roster of names, the bulk of them nondescript. In private life, many actually were temperamental reactionaries who needed compensation through a little social daring. After the Nazis and Russians joined hands the manifestoes became scarcer and a lot of retreats from the cultural front were reported. We think, however, that Eugene Lyons is a little too hopeful about the end of the loony period, for any day now we may see, in a picture of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt holding prayer books on a battleship, the figure of Joseph Stalin embracing an icon. This ought to be good for a religious manifesto of some kind or even a religious congress.

Some of the more peculiar forms of the lunacy broke out during the war in Spain. Lyons shows how the Stalinists seized on and perverted the democratic cause in Spain. The chapter "Cocktails for Spanish Democracy" will shock many who remember the reception given to Dr. Juan Negrin, "openly working with the Kremlin crowd," at the international meeting of the PEN held in New York during the World's Fair. All except a few of the delegates rose to their feet to receive him and he took his place at the head table with the president, Dorothy Thompson. It was an incident that revealed the grave necessity for distinguishing between those who try to practise the art of literature and those who serve any cause or any project by

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the trade of writing. For Juan Negrin, an obscure professor, contrary to all the principles of the founders, was made a member of the PEN.

But even in this extensive history, Lyons has left a few typical events unchronicled. One was Waldo Frank's Open Letter to Leon Blum in the *New Republic* asking that high-minded, inept statesman to put France into the war in Spain. Another was a manifesto issued by a number of clergymen, professors and others demanding that their Catholic fellow-citizens make a statement on their attitude towards the conflict in Spain. A similar sort of document was sent round by the League of American Writers, even to nonmembers of that organization, demanding a statement of their attitude. The inquisition psychology was going strong when comrades Hitler and Stalin united.

But for all the comic alliances and situations it reveals, *The Red Decade* is fundamentally a serious, a warning book. "What the current task of the communists will be," he warns, "when these pages are published cannot now be guessed at. The only certainty is that it will be a task conditioned by Russia's, and not by America's national interest." This is really the point of the book. And in working in the Kremlin's interest, the assorted fellow-travelers and outright communists, as he undeniably shows, were also working for fascism and Nazism, for it was their avowed aim to break down the democracies. In the whole racket the really important contributions of Marxism were forgotten — that is, if many of the communists ever knew what they were. The author of *The Red Decade* is a great reporter — observant, appraising and knowledgable; besides, he shows himself possessed of a vigor of style that recalls the great pamphleteers.

II

In *France on Berlin Time*,[2] Thomas Kernan exhibits some of the ravages that communism and pacifism played on the French national morale. He lived in Paris from 1937 until after the conquest, and he has got hold of many facts about France and the French that have been missed by other writers of books of the Why-France-Fell type. I take from *France on Berlin Time* the terribly significant figures of France's losses in the first World War. She lost 28 per cent of her male population between the ages of twenty and fifty; another fifth

[2] $2.75. *Lippincott.*

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was either partially or totally disabled. Then the last war was fought out on the soil of France; towns and villages were destroyed, and women, children and the aged were turned adrift from their homes. There were a million war orphans of the first World War; very many of them had no near relatives left and had to be brought up by the state. When the young men among them went into the fighting forces, they had no families to send them letters or packages from home or to look forward to their return. That was what the last war did to them.

Anyone who lived in France for some time will recall the intense fear of war that affected so many of the population. They had suffered too much and were ready enough to believe that slogan, often enough handed out, which Thomas Kernan quotes with disapproval: "One can recover from slavery, from war never." However, he ruminates as to whether some sense of self-preservation was not working powerfully but obscurely amongst the ordinary people of France, and it might have been this that prevented a last ditch fight. If the French lost as high a proportion of the population as they did in the last war, France was ended as an important nation.

The author tells us that if he were asked what group in France, aside from the political leaders, were chiefly responsible for the defeat he would say the schoolteachers, who were predominantly either communist or pacifist and who furthered the cult of anti-nationalism that was becoming fashionable in every country in Europe. Fascism was a reaction against it. The teachers inculcated an anti-war, an anti-nationalist emotion in their pupils.

If, as one who lived in France for some years, I was asked the same question, I would make a different answer: I would say, with the strongest conviction, that it was the indifference and apathy of the French people about their government. The government did not represent the French people at all.

Thomas Kernan, like this reviewer, met many people who told him "France can't afford another war," and many around middle age who made no secret of their conviction that France would be defeated if she fought. Yet the government pursued policies unendorsed by the people which inevitably got them into war. The author is too innocent of French history, but he has written a sensible book that is worth thinking over.

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III

It is psychologically significant to look into the way the democratic ideology manifests itself in different countries. Each country seems to attach itself especially to one, or at most, two of the three attributes of democracy — Liberty, Fraternity, Equality — but seldom to all three together. For instance, the French attachment to the idea of equality is persistent and they will do much to hold on to it, whereas the English notion of equality is rudimentary while their attachment to liberty is intense. They will do anything to hold on to liberty and to their own ideas of representative government. All this emerges strongly in all the books written about the present English government. Two of the most informing at the moment are one by the Austrian international journalist, René Kraus, *The Men Around Churchill*,[3] and Patricia Strauss's *Bevin and Company*.[4] Six of the twelve around Churchill, of whom René Kraus writes, belong to the Labor Party and of these Bevin, Morrison and Cripps are probably of most interest to Americans. The same Labor figures are in Mrs. Strauss's *Bevin and Company*, and the two books complement each other. Mrs. Strauss knows the Labor Party thoroughly and what she brings to us is the sense that she has lived in the milieu about which she writes. But she is not so professional a writer as René Kraus and cannot marshal so well the facts she possesses.

The author of *The Men Around Churchill* is one of those newspaper correspondents who quickly get to know everybody and everything, and who have ways of getting on a footing of familiarity with the key men of governments. He does it all in a genteel manner, very different from the rugged and critical approach of the American newspaperman. For instance, though he is an exile of fairly recent crop, he refers to a former ambassador as "our own Joe Kennedy," and when he gets to England, he is an authority on the "old school tie" and its accompanying privileges and customs. The number of times he uses the word "gentleman" and comments on how a gentleman behaves and resigns from a political party gives one the illusion at times that one is reading Emily Post. And he can solemnly adjure us to "remember Milton's dictum 'When God has some difficult task on hand he sends for his Englishman'." However, in spite of a lot of nonsense and a certain amount of toadyism,

[3] $3.00. *Lippincott.*
[4] $2.50. *Putnam.*

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the reader will get from René Kraus's volume an overwhelming sense of laborious and devoted men, all working together, working not so much for liberty as an ideal but because liberty is a necessity of life for them and their country. None of them, high or low, has the foggiest notion of equality, but fraternity seems to be making considerable headway since the air-raid shelters came in.

If one wants an escape from all the present terrors, one can get no better book than *The Road of a Naturalist*,[5] by Donald Culross Peattie. He is a fine writer, indeed a little too consciously a fine writer, with eagerness, knowledge, a sense of dedication to the observation of bird and beast, flower and tree. America from the beginning has had great naturalists because she has always been the wonderland of animal and plant life, the land of redwood and great bison herds. The bison are almost gone, the passenger pigeons in their billions have gone, the sea otter of Alaska has been exterminated, the redwoods have barely been preserved. But the great bi-forked forest that extends from Alaska to the middle of the states is still there, the greatest forest on the planet. The desert, too, is wonderful for the forms of life it fosters and Peattie can enthrall us by the way he writes of them. He makes us, indeed, believe that there is more delight and excitement for the naturalist than for any other of the *genus homo*.

The book is strung along as an autobiography into which is inserted accounts of those men who were at once contemplatives and men of action — the great naturalists. To read these admirable dramatizations of the lives of birds, beasts, reptiles, flowers, trees and grasses is to get a release from the tensions that are all around us.

[5] $3.00. *Houghton Mifflin.*

CHECK LIST

FICTION

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, by A. J. Cronin. $2.50. *Little, Brown.* This is a highly absorbing novel by a genuine storyteller who has a talent for making everything that happens to his characters seem what should have happened to them. A dash of the melodramatic helps along this story of a priest who went from his native Scotland to China as a missionary and remained there for a quarter of a century. It has all the combinations of a high class best-seller — action, an interesting sex episode, a very humane way of looking on the world which rouses admiration for goodness and selflessness, and also that motif which is now coming into novels in English, an inside account of the discipline of a Catholic religious.

(*Continued on page 505*)

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THE VENABLES, by Kathleen Norris, $2.50. *Doubleday, Doran.* Mrs. Norris seldom gets much notice in the literary reviews though she is a drawing feature in the women's magazines. As a matter of fact, *The Venables* is a better book than the bulk of the largely reviewed novels. It is an account of family struggles in San Francisco. The author knows family life and San Francisco at first hand and is deeply interested in both, consequently she makes the people and the place alive to readers. The book has an engaging quality, somewhat like Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*, but the style and outlook is about the same date.

THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA, by Mikhail Sholokhov. $3.50. *Knopf.* Now that the war takes us to the black earth and along the rivers of the Ukraine, Sholokhov's immense novels are likely to recruit more and more readers. The latest is the second of a series which deals with Cossack soldiers and Cossack peasants during the internal wars that began after the revolution of 1917.

Something of the enormous vitality of the country emerges in the book. One finds in it that quality inherent in the first and greatest of the Cossack novels, "Taras Bulba" — a sense of a pastoral civilization, with immense distances, with horses that men are always riding, and a murderous and at the same time friendly folk.

NON-FICTION

AMERICAN ISSUES (Vol. 1, The Social Record. Vol. 2, The Literary Record), by William Thorp, Merle Curti and Carlos Baker. Each volume, $3.00. *Lippincott.* These volumes make the most remarkable anthology of American writing now on the market, chosen with care, scholarship and critical insight. The two volumes, in fact, form a complete record of American life, more than any political history or literary history that has been written up to the present.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM, by Frank Luther Mott. $5.50. *Macmillan.* There are other histories of journalism but Dr. Mott's 733-page volume merits the abused accolade, definitive. It is at once scholarly and dramatic, comprehensive in scope yet finely detailed. Pulitzer Prize Winner Mott (he won it in 1939 for the first three volumes of his five-volume History of American Magazines) deals impartially with the men and institutions involved in 250 years of American journalism from 1690 to 1940. He has been so successful that only partisans and supercritics will object to the inevitable errors of emphasis.

DEAR ME. Leaves from the Diary of Agnes Sligh Turnbull. $1.75. *Macmillan.* Without any of the egoism common in diaries, the author's account of her family and home life makes up the most attractive book of the kind we have read since *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* For readers who want a book about people but who are estranged by the horde of dully written novels that come from the printing presses, *Dear Me* is the book to read; it is full of wit and wisdom.

MY FATHER IS A QUIET MAN, by Tommy Wadelton. $1.50. *Coward McCann.* Tommy Wadelton wrote another book, *My Mother Is a Violent Woman.* Here is one about his father. It reads as though it were an embroidery by a grown-up on a youngster's notions. Still, it is an oasis of diversion.

YOUR PERSONALITY: INTROVERT OR EXTRAVERT? by Virginia Case. $2.50. *Macmillan.* A popularization of Jung's *Psychological Types*, and a very readable book, giving a good deal of information on psychology. It contains useful accounts of the most common nervous and mental troubles. *Your Personality* has the great merit of being clear and easily understandable. It will enable the non-hypochondriac reader to know himself better.

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THE OPEN FORUM

JANE WARD HITS THE JACKPOT

(The article by Jane Ward, "Don't Have An Abortion," evoked a great many approving letters. The score as we go to press is 245, subdivided into 181 women, 54 men, one joint return and a single dissenting opinion. Two women doctors and one R.N. sent their compliments and on the male side, approval came from nineteen doctors, six educators, three clergymen.

We print one typical letter of commendation, together with the lone disapproval. — THE EDITORS.)

BIRTH CONTROL FEDERATION OF AMERICA, INC.

SIR: On behalf of the Board of Directors of the Federation may I express our grateful appreciation for the splendid article regarding abortion by Jane Ward in your August issue.

Mrs. Ward's article is such a warm, human, personal presentation of the facts underlying one of America's great health problems that we are grateful for its publication. It will correct many misunderstandings and will help to clarify in the minds of thousands who read the article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY or in the *Reader's Digest* the basic difference between abortion and birth control. It seems incredible that such confusion should still exist, but it does. Most articles about abortion have begged or soft-pedaled the logical conclusion that the wider spread of contraceptive knowledge would reduce the number of abortions by making abortions unnecessary. Your publication of Mrs. Ward's article, therefore, constitutes a very real public service.

D. KENNETH ROSE
National Director

New York City

SIR: In the past I have derived considerable useful information and enjoyment from your magazine, but am at present impelled to express my dissatisfaction over a certain aspect of the article by Jane Ward. . . .

With due appreciation for Mrs. Ward's charitable motives in wishing to prevent the suffering and deaths to women who risk abortions, I wish to protest her implied sanctioning morally of the act of abortion, this sanctioning being implied by her admitting that she has had one and by the fact that in her entire article she included not a single word of censure based upon the fact that the embryo, as a human individual created by God with the cooperation of its parents, has just as much right to life as has any other human being.

She has devoted pages to telling mothers to avoid murdering their unborn, merely because of the physical hazards to themselves. If a man wished to beat his wife, would you appeal to him to desist merely on the strength of the argument that he might injure his knuckles?

In emphasizing the physical dangers and *not even mentioning* the moral responsibility, she has evinced a seriously mistaken sense of values.

Or perhaps Mrs. Ward happens to be one of those who claim that the human embryo has no soul. If so, I'd be interested in learning by what process of reasoning she arrives at the conclusion that, although it is a new, individual organism, possessing a new life of its own since the moment of its conception, God waits until some later date, which perhaps she will name, before creating its immortal soul.

HARRY ALLWINE

Boulder City,
Nevada

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON AND SCIENCE

SIR: In the June number of THE MERCURY you published an article, "Modern Science Discovers God," which gave me great joy. I have always hated the law of cause and effect, which is only another name for fatalism, and makes a joke of the human will, to say nothing of chance. I felt really *free* for the first time in my life.

Some time since I sent it to one of our top-ranking columnists in the East (or, to be more accurate, I wrote him about it) and asked him to make it the subject of one of his paragraphs. Yesterday I received the following answer:

"Dear Mrs. Atherton: Can't agree with you. Causality is still working. There is no other universal law except cause and effect. Einstein, Plank (*sic*) et Cie are mostly the bunk — scientific racketeers."

Now, what do you think of that? Can't you get Dr. Bing to write another article for the benefit of the intelligent layman who can't be expected to know the name of every scientist, no matter how eminent, unless he has startled the world as Einstein did — and give some account of Planck, de Broglie, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Eddington, Jeans and Strömberg? Also make the findings a little clearer to the lay mind. Of course we all know that the law of cause and effect does operate to some extent, but we would like to know just how it has been deprived of its inevitableness.

I was greatly interested in your paper on Stalin . . . and devoutly hope he will swallow Hitler and choke to death in the process.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

San Francisco,
California

FRONTAL ASSAULT

SIR: I have just finished reading your article in the August issue ["The End of Joseph Stalin"] and I must say that you're so biased that your head could be used for a corkscrew.

There is a farmer near here who has a litter of pigs, and they possess more common sense than you'll ever have if you live to be a million. Next time you write an article send a clothespin along to hold our nose. Why don't you peddle fish instead of trying to force your insanity on people?

N. CARNOVALE

Chicago,
Illinois

("There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." — Proverbs: 30:12. — ED.)

SIR: I read your article in the August issue . . . and I must compliment you not only on your total ignorance of international affairs, intrigues, propaganda, and on sheer stupidity of thought. Perhaps when the butchery of Europe will be all over and our brains will still be able to react, we will admit the superb diplomacy of Dictator Stalin.

Please do not suspect me of having any sympathies with Bolshevism. I have no more use for them than you have, except that I give the devil it's due.

IRVING EASTMAN

Miami Beach,
Florida

BUNDLE FROM BRITAIN

SIR: The letter from me you printed in the February issue, "Magazines for Tommies," has brought forth an excellent response from your readers.

Several dozens of them have sent me to date, several hundred MERCURYS and other American periodicals. These I have posted — or delivered personally — in small batches assorted — to Army posts and billets. Some have gone to RAF camps and Naval stations and some to our auxiliary Fire Service Depots.

They all bring pleasure at the good will they show, and best of all an appreciation of American outlook. To those of the senders whose addresses were on the packages, I have written direct, to others who may not have received a note from me, please accept this in lieu.

(*Continued on page 509*)

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

DR. W. W. BAUER is director of the American Medical Association's Bureau of Health Education, associate editor of *Hygeia*, has charge of AMA's radio program, "Doctors At Work."

MAX EASTMAN is one of America's most versatile writers. His books encompass such subjects as *Enjoyment of Poetry*, *Artists in Uniform*, *Marxism: Is It a Science?*, *Enjoyment of Laughter*, etc. He is now at work on a book to be called *Heroes I Have Known*, as well as an autobiography. One of the original editors of *The Masses*, founded in 1913, and among the first literary champions of the Russian Revolution, he has fought Stalin and the Stalinist philosophy.

BENJAMIN FINE is a writer on education for The New York *Times*.

RAYMOND MOLEY is the Columbia professor who rose to national prominence as a member of the original New Deal "brain trust." He is contributing editor of *Newsweek*.

BARNET NOVER is on the staff of the Washington, D. C., *Post*, where he runs a regular column on foreign affairs.

WILLIAM SEAGLE practices law in Manhattan. His new book, *The Quest for Law*, is a general history on that subject. Before he began work on it nearly five years ago, he was an assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY is at work on a book which Simon & Schuster will bring out this Fall under the title *The Future of American Air Power*. His articles urging genuine American air power, published in recent issues of THE MERCURY, have evoked nationwide discussion.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, whose articles have appeared frequently in these pages, is noted for his word-portraits of national figures. Among those who have "sat" for him in the last two years are Thomas E. Dewey, Frances Perkins, Sidney Hillman, William Green, Cordell Hull.

JOHN TEBBEL, managing editor of THE MERCURY, previously worked for *Newsweek*, the Detroit *Free Press* and the Providence *Journal*. Music criticism has been his "sideline" occupation for a decade, in the course of regular review and feature assignments.

GEORGE WILLIS, whose work was first published in THE MERCURY, writes that his first novel, *Tangleweed*, is under consideration by a publishing house whose critics have compared him favorably to James Joyce and Hans Otto Storm.

THOMAS WOLFE was a lusty, lonely, life-hungry man whose death in 1938 took a powerful force out of American literature. *The Anatomy of Loneliness* is an excerpt from a posthumous book of his writings, to be published soon. It is deeply felt prose-poetry spilled over from his four vast novels.

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The Open FORUM

(*Continued from page 507*)

Many readers have written most inspiring essages, and as the year has passed, each onth has increased the conviction that vic-ory is ever surer and ever nearer.

FRED J. YOUNG

atlock, England

CRANE-GARTZ: THE DEFENSE RESTS

SIR: I am sure you will receive many pro-sts against William Henry Chamberlin's un-erceiving portrait of my old and dear friend, ate Crane-Gartz of Altadena, California. I ant to add mine to the list. I can understand ow, on a quick view and helped out by hos-ile gossip, Chamberlin made his mistake. For here is something extremely naïve as well as turdy about Mrs. Gartz. She has the charm f a childlike person who nevertheless pos-esses courage, strength, and dignity.

She has become a public character, and will ve to stand the gaff like the rest of us who re foolhardy enough to publish books. She *ill* stand it, too, with a good deal more uperiority and fortitude than most of us. But there is one thing in Chamberlin's article o flagrantly wrong that I have to correct it for truth's sake. That is the statement that rs. Gartz "never tires of telling people how expensive and elaborate is her mansion" and has "a *parvenu* delight in the display of wealth and luxury." That statement — whatever malicious and envy-eaten gossiping neighbor-d trouble-maker peddled it to Mr. Cham-berlin — is so false that it cannot be allowed to live. There isn't a person in the world more free from that taint, and from anything bor-dering on any corner of it, than Mrs. Gartz.

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RECORDED MUSIC

Old Masterpieces for a New Season

RECORDED music lists this month coincide, in their generally "heavier" tone, with the opening of regular concert seasons everywhere. José Iturbi gets top billing, in his double role as conductor-from-the-piano, with performances of *Beethoven's Concerto No. 3* (Victor, M-801, $5.50), which has body and imagination in nicely adjusted parts, and the *Mozart Concerto No. 20 in D minor* (Victor, M-794, $4.50), noteworthy mostly because it is the only modern domestic pressing of the work.

Mozart is given even more expert ministration in recordings of his *Symphony No. 29 in A major* and *No. 34 in C major*, done up in one album by the Boston Symphony (Victor, M-795, $5.00). Dr. Koussevitzky, who understands these matters, transmits them with infinite finesse in the Bostonians' best classic manner. For contrast, try two florid *Berlioz* overtures, those to "*The Judges of the Secret Court*" and "*King Lear*" (Victor M-803, $3.50), performed with due theatricality by the BBC Symphony under Sir Adrian Boult.

In the department of more intimate music, there is a fine interpretation by Arthur Schnabel of *Bach's "Italian" concerto in F major* (Victor, M-806, $2.50), a rather heavy-handed reading of two *Handel concerti grossi* by Hermann Diener and his Collegium Musicum (Victor, M-808, $4.50), and a sensitive performance of *Dvorak's Quintet in E flat major* by the Prague String Quartet (Victor, M-811, $4.50). All of these were recorded in Europe. A real contribution is an album of *modern American works for solo wind instruments and orchestra*, recorded by Dr. Howard Hanson and his Eastman-Rochester orchestra, with members of that ensemble playing the solo parts (Victor, M-802, $2.50).

Folk music is better represented than usual, with Elsie Houston's extraordinary album of *Brazilian songs*, sung in Portuguese (Victor, M-798, $3.50) — strange, fresh music to North American ears — and a valuable collection of "*Smoky Mountain Ballads*" edited by John A. Lomax and authentically rendered by native singers and musicians (Victor, P-79, $2.75).

Best of the singles appears to be a transformation of the two well-worn preludes to "*La Traviata*" by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (Victor, 18080, $1.00). As distinctive in its way is *Samuel Barber's* integrated, expressive "*Essay For Orchestra*" (Victor, 18062, $1.00) in a uniformly excellent reading by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Under Stokowski, the Philadelphians also play *Harl McDonald's "Legend of the Arkansas Traveler"* and that test of virtuosity, *Novacek's "Moto Perpetuo"* (Victor, 18069, $1.00). Along similar unhackneyed lines are Hans Kindler's arrangements of *two sixteenth century Dutch tunes*, given by his National Symphony (Victor, 18071, $1.00), and *Otto Cesana's* idiomatic "*Negro Heaven*" in a youthfully enthusiastic version by the Indianapolis Symphony under Sevitzky (Victor, 18070, $1.00). It is good to hear these young orchestras, after the accomplished but weary performances of some older outfits.

Of numerous excellent jazz releases, the connoisseur will appreciate the four *Improvisations by the Edmond Hall Celeste Quartet*, with Meade Lux Lewis at celeste; Hall, clarinet; Israel Crosby, string bass; Charley Christians, guitar. Solidly traditional stuff (Blue Note Nos. 17 and 18, $1.50 each).

— JOHN TEBBEL

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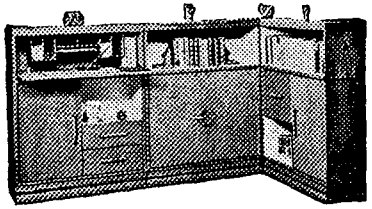

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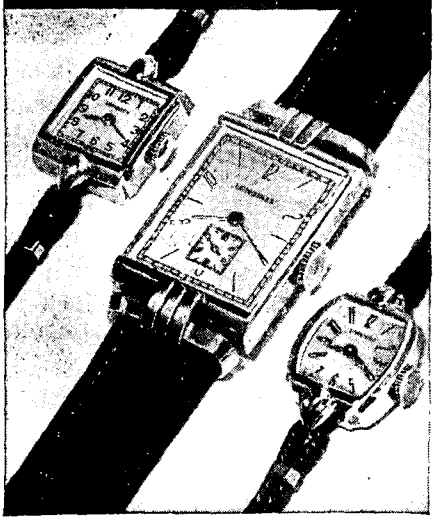

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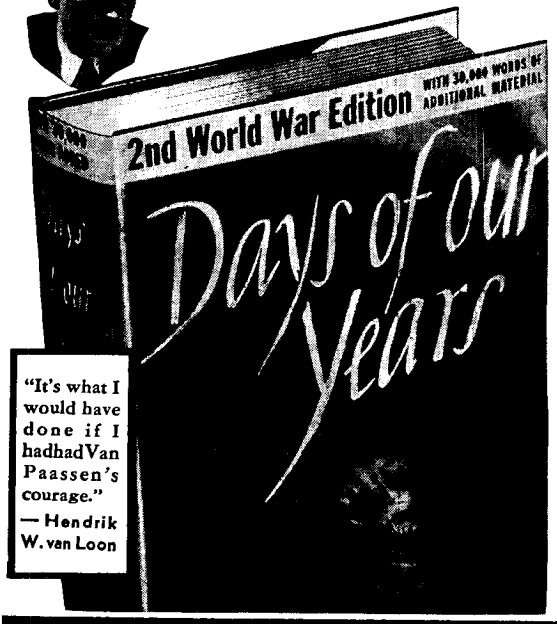

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